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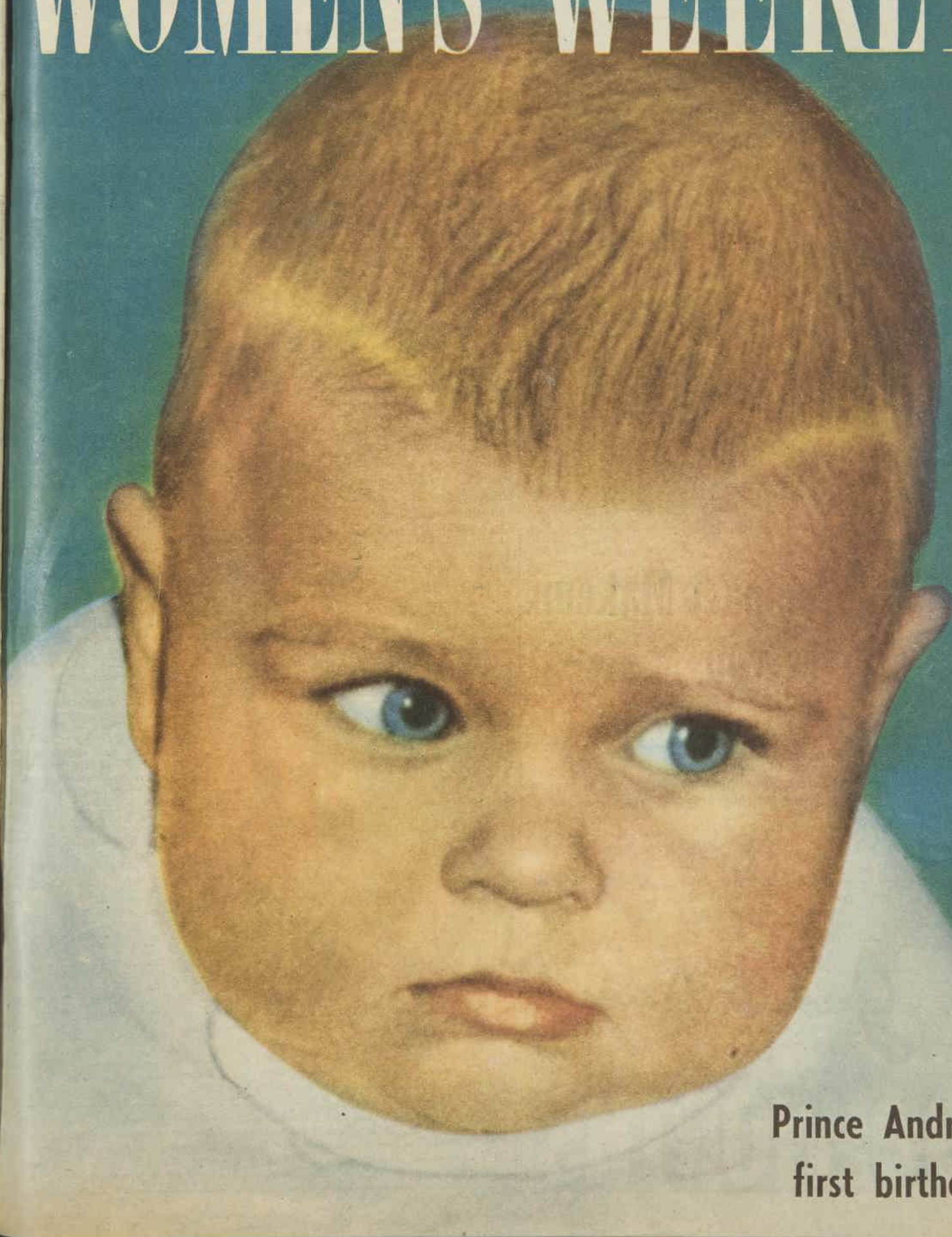
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Prince Andrew's
first birthday

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● The Royal tour of India and Pakistan is staff photographer Ron Berg's first trip overseas — apart from covering the Queen Mother's visit to New Zealand.

HE wrote to say he was initiated into the hazards of overseas tourism when a crowd of Indian children saw his camera and surrounded him.

He gave them coins to get rid of them, which had the opposite effect. Two Indian officials rescued him.

When the Queen made her arrival speech at New Delhi, Ron and the other Press photographers had a hair-raising trip standing up in fast-moving trucks following the Royal party across the stone-paved city square.

They needed both hands for

their cameras, so had no way of hanging on in the jolting trucks.

Everyone had sore feet after the visit to Gandhi's tomb. They had to walk across sharp pebbles in their socks.

Ron had a lot of trouble removing small pebbles from his socks, and he noticed that Prince Philip did, too.

FROM St. Louis, U.S.A., came a letter from Mrs. Clara Hays to tell us how much she liked the feature on pressed-flower pictures and cards in our November 2 issue.

She wrote: "I am receiving your magazine through a sub-

Our cover

● Chubby Prince Andrew, third child of Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip, who is one year old on February 19, "Prince Andrew's First Birthday," pages 4, 5.

scription sent to me as birthday gift."

AUSTRALIAN

Gerry Glaskin, who won the short story "Twenty Feet Up" (page 18), will be lecturing to Americans on Australia at the end of this year.

His American publisher Doubleday, were so impressed with "The Land That Sleeps," his documentary travel-book on the north-west of Australia, they asked him to be in New York by December to arrange a lecture tour.

Gerry leaves Australia in March for Singapore, then goes to London to collaborate on the film script of his novel "A Change of Mind."

LOOK what happens to a staff member on an overseas assignment.

Cynthia Strachan, who reported the 1960 Rome Olympics for us, delighted the office by announcing her engagement to Ian Robinson, M.L.A. for Casino, N.S.W.

And it happened through an introduction in Rome.

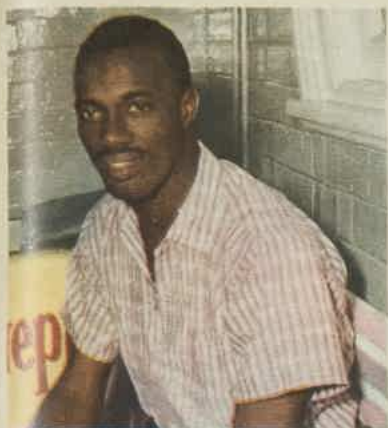
Cynthia met another Sydneyite, who, after her return home in November, asked her to a dinner party at which Ian was a guest. They plan to marry later this year.



STAFF photographer Ron Berg, left, on a decorated elephant at Jaipur during the Royal visit.

NEXT WEEK: Autumn Fashion Report — Four-page feature by the couturiers have selected for the well-dressed woman this autumn . . . Seafood Recipes — Food and Cookery Expert Leila C. Howard suggests appetising new recipes for all kinds of seafoods.

WEST INDIES



WESLEY HALL, the Windies' whirlwind fast bowler and crowd-pleaser.



GARFIELD SOBERS, a brilliant batsman and world record-holder.



ALF VALENTINE, a spin bowler who amuses crowds, bewilders batsmen.



ROHAN KANHAI, a versatile batsman who has hit up big scores.



THE SKIPPERS. Dynamic batsman Frank Worrell (left), who has led the West Indies team in a feast of bright cricket during their current tour, in a dressing-room shot with Australia's Richie Benaud.

AUSTRALIA



IAN MECKIFF, fast bowler and centre of "throwing" controversy.



NORM O'NEILL, dashing batting hope against Windies and England.



WALLY GROULT, who is Australia's "jack-in-the-box" wicketkeeper.



KEN "SLASHER" MACKAY, a sheet-anchor batsman in Australia's XI.

Now for the final Test

By CYNTHIA STRACHAN

● Win, lose, or draw, the West Indies cricketers playing Australia in the final Test in Melbourne on February 10 will have top hero rating with every sport lover in the country.

AND every member of this brigade of happy-go-lucky but talented cricketers richly deserves it.

When the "Windies" arrived in Australia last October, the public's interest in watching cricket was about as great as a cricket team's interest in playing during a torrential downpour.

Anyone who mentioned cricket was given a pitying glance. Anyone who actually planned holidays to coincide with the Tests was considered just too square even to warrant the pity.

For, in the public eye, the ancient and relaxing pastime of watching cricket had become as old hat as swooning over Bing Crosby.

The reason? Cricket had died a lingering, painful death during the England tour of Australia two seasons ago.

Then the spectator game had become so dull even the vociferous barrackers on the Sydney Cricket Ground "Hill" were too bored to yell.

As cricketers went to sleep at the wicket, barrackers also joined in the shut-eye. And after a few days of this, they decided it was cheaper and more comfortable to sleep at home or on the beach.

There were a few bright patches, and an occasional sign of the old-fashioned Test fever that belonged to the Bradman era.

But somehow the percentage of workers who thought that seeing the game was important enough to make excuses to the boss about being absent for a grandmother's funeral became fewer.

Since the England team's visit, international cricket controversies about throwing the ball and other technicalities have done little to encourage a revival of interest.

And that—despite the fact that Australia's Test team is due to leave for an English tour within weeks—was the doldrum state of cricket in this country when the Windies arrived on the scene.

It took Frank Worrell and his brigade only a few matches to put life back into the game and to make Australia's waning cricket fans sit up, take notice, and ask for more.


For here was a team of cricketers who loved the game as a game: a team who played to win, but who didn't ever forget it was still just a game. And to them a game must always be bright and entertaining.

They've carried this spirit right into Test matches, and the crowds—always bigger than anticipated—have revelled in the broad-shouldered batting, fiery bowling, and grandstand appeal. Televised play has made thousands of converts.

And in this feast of cricket, Australia's players have proved that they, too, know that the game has its bright moments. They just needed to have their memories jogged.

If these memories remain with them during the trip to England later this year, and if they can encourage England's players to adopt the same dashing approach to the game, cricket fever will certainly be here to stay.

● Queen Elizabeth, the world's most famous working mother, cannot be with her baby son on his first birthday on February 19. Writers Graham and Heather Fisher here tell of the little Prince's first year.



Andrew's first birthday

PRINCE Andrew Albert Christian Edward, second only to his brother Charles in line of succession to the throne, is as healthy and robust a baby as any mother could wish for, a contented youngster who has gained weight rapidly.

The Queen will still be in India on Prince Andrew's birthday, but she long ago learned to take such partings philosophically.

Brought up under a Royal regime in which the duties of monarchy frequently require parents to be separated from their children, conditioned by a system of upbringing in which the children see more of their nannies and governesses than they do of their parents, she takes it for granted that there must be times when monarchy takes precedence over motherhood.

The Queen and her children are probably closer to each other than Royal parents and their offspring have ever been before. They see more of each other, share a warm, family relationship. Yet, inevitably, there is still a narrow gulf which does not exist in ordinary

families and which occasionally leads to such incidents as when Anne, leaving for Buckingham Palace after a weekend at Windsor, said goodbye to the servants who had looked after her but omitted to pop into the drawing-room and say goodbye to her parents.

The Queen, when she heard that her daughter had gone without kissing her goodbye, gave vent to the exclamation so many baffled parents have uttered at one time or another: "What an extraordinary child!"

Tragic news

When Charles was born, with Elizabeth still a princess, she confided to friends that she planned to bring up her children herself, with a minimum of help from maids and nannies. Fate decreed otherwise.

Charles was a toddler of three and Anne a baby of 18 months when Elizabeth, deputising for her sick father, said goodbye to them and set off on the Royal tour which got no farther than Kenya when the tragic news of her father's untimely death brought her flying home again. And 20 months after she ascended the throne in his place she was off again, leaving her children for a long six

months while she carried out the postponed tour of Australia and New Zealand.

Why doesn't she take her children with her? The question is often asked.

The Queen herself gave the answer in one of her Christmas broadcasts.

Pinpointing the philosophy which she and Philip adopt in bringing up their children, she said: "We want our son and daughter (Andrew was not then born) to grow up as normally as possible. We believe that public life is not a fair burden to place on growing children. I am sure all of you who are parents will understand."

Left entirely to her own devices, the Queen would probably have raised her children much as she was brought up herself.

and hers was a rather secluded, ivory-tower upbringing, with few other children to play with and no real contact with the big world outside the Royal round. She has, after all, no basis for comparison with other families.

But her outlook on children's upbringing has been considerably influenced by her husband, whose own informal and sometimes rough-and-ready upbringing has shown him the value of a broader outlook and greater freedom.

The Queen yielded to his persuasion that Prince Charles needed to mix with other children, needed to learn something of the give-and-take of ordinary life. So the boy was bozzed off to boarding-school, with strict Royal instructions to treat him like all the other boys. And the Queen has since firmly resisted all inducements to treat him as other than ordinary.

For the same reason, she turned a deaf ear to Canadian pleas that the young Prince should go along with his parents when they last visited Canada.

Explained a Royal official: "The Queen wants her son given a fair chance to grow up and be treated like any other small boy. For that reason she is not prepared to let him be hawked around from place to place like a piece of Royal plate."

With Charles away at boarding-school there was a danger of Anne becoming a girl alone, and the Queen—who had Margaret for company during her own childhood days—was alive to the problem of loneliness which could so easily result.

She has overcome the difficulty by having two other small girls come to the Palace daily to share her daughter's lessons. Other small girls go along each week to share Anne's private dancing class and join her in the meetings of the Palace Brownie pack.

Conflict for Elizabeth

But the birth of Prince Andrew has brought a fresh problem to the Queen, created a new conflict between the opposing demands of monarchy and motherhood. She had resolved it, in part, by keeping her official engagements to a strict minimum until now.

Till now there have been no overseas tours, fewer time-wasting Royal chores such as posing for official portraits. Even in Britain the Queen's ordinary public engagements have been heavily cut.

In this way, and by skillfully revamping her daily schedule, the Queen has gained precious hours of motherhood hard-won from the tight-knit schedule of her official life.

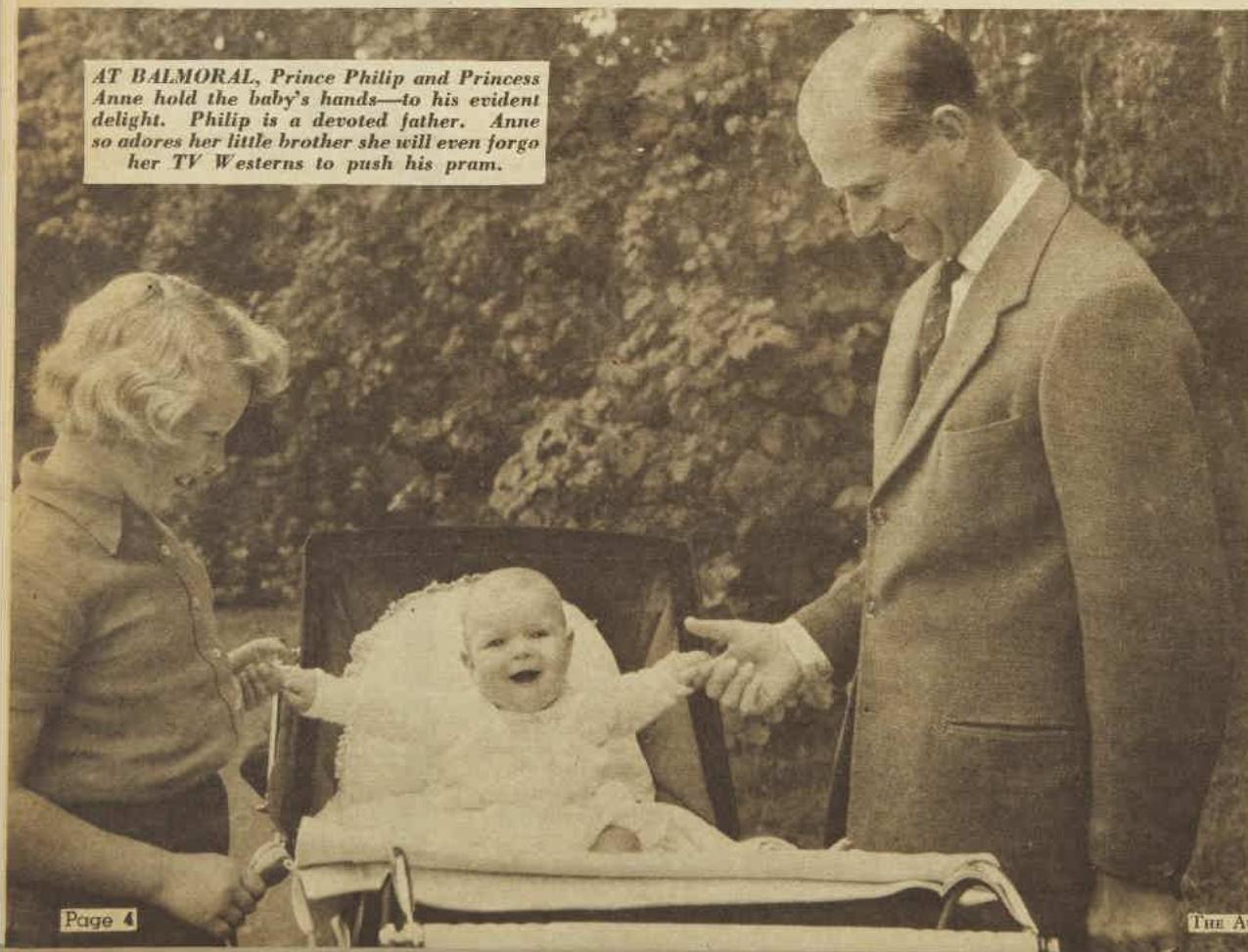
Elizabeth enjoys the work of monarchy, and, like a successful actress or businesswoman, has become strikingly adept at interweaving the two halves of her life.

Most mornings following the birth of Prince Andrew, between dealing with her mail and setting about the official appointments which are part and parcel of her daily routine, she has managed half an hour of motherhood in the high-ceilinged, bay-windowed sitting-room of the Royal suite.

Her afternoons, too, were rearranged as far as possible to allow her to spend an occasional half-hour wheeling the baby-carriage round the secluded, high-walled garden at the rear of the Palace.

The Queen loves walking, and thus a chore which many mothers regard as boring became a means of pleasurable exercise. Evening engagements were kept to a minimum so that she could share in the fun of baby's bath-time. The respite, the switch from monarchy to motherhood, has done her a world of good. It has been, in fact, her first real let-up since she came to the throne, a chance to unwind, relax, to ease up on nerves tight-strung by

AT BALMORAL, Prince Philip and Princess Anne hold the baby's hands—to his evident delight. Philip is a devoted father. Anne so adores her little brother she will even forgo her TV Westerns to push his pram.





years of incessant travel and endless public appearances.

As a result, the Queen is now in better health than she had been for a long time. She is eating better. She is visibly brighter and more relaxed.

Parting from the new baby when she set off for India and Pakistan was a wrench, but, looking things squarely in the face, not quite the deep-rooted wrench it would be for any ordinary mother.

Because of the unique position the Queen occupies, she cannot be an ordinary mother. She does not launder the soiled diapers or prepare the baby's meals. She has others to do such things for her. From almost the moment he was born, she found herself sharing the baby with others—first with Sister Rowe, the midwife who helped bring him into the world, and subsequently with Mabel Anderson, the tall, thin Scotswoman who runs the Royal nursery.

He's "Andy Pandy"

Mrs. Anderson—she is, in fact, unmarried, and the title is a courtesy one—is the same age as the Queen, and has been with her since Charles and Anne were babies. She is completely devoted to the new baby, and can scarcely be persuaded to take a couple of hours off-duty for fear something might go wrong in her absence.

In the first four months after Andrew was first put in her charge she had only two afternoons away from the nursery—and they were to get her hair done. She positively declines to go out of an evening. Instead, she sits watching the 17in. television set in the day nursery, with one ear cocked for any sign that her charge is at all fretful. A microphone fixed to the wall beside the cot transmits his cries if he is.

But "Andy Pandy," as Palace servants have been quick to nickname the baby—the name comes from a character in a TV puppet show—seldom fretful. So far he has proved himself a placid, contented child, much more so than Charles and Anne were as babies.

When he first moved up from the ground-floor Belgian Suite in which he was born to the third-floor nursery at the age of two and a half weeks he was bottle-fed five times a day—at 6 and 10 in the morning, 2 in the afternoon, and again at 6 and 10 at night.

At three months he had doubled his 7lb. 3oz. birth-weight.

The dried-milk food, which was his staple diet, came in tins, and Mrs. Anderson mixed it to a creamy consistency with boiled water and a little sugar. Usually she would mix a day's supply at a time, measuring it out into a set of sterilised feeding-bottles and bringing each bottle to blood temperature on an electric heater when it was required for use.

For his 6 o'clock feed the baby was also given a little orange juice diluted with warm water. But it was not the bottled orange juice which Britain's socialised health service provides at a subsidised 5d. a bottle. The Queen, while eligible for this cut-price drink—Prince Philip was given a pamphlet telling him all about it when he registered the baby's birth—prefers her son to have fresh orange juice.

In most things, the Queen is a no-nonsense mother. But occasionally she fusses. And just as she insists that Anne's supper-time tomato soup is made from fresh tomatoes, so she prefers Andrew to have fresh orange juice.

"And make sure you squeeze a fresh orange each time," she told the nursery staff. "I

MOTHER AND BABY. The Queen has a mother's competence in holding Prince Andrew, but she must leave most of his routine to a staff of eight. The picture, one of the few commissioned for publication, was taken at Balmoral last September. In general, the Queen and Prince Philip have clamped down on publicity for their third child.

don't want him given it after it's been stored in a refrigerator."

At the age of three months the baby's food was augmented by strained baby foods—carrots, prunes, apple puree—in tins.

At 11 o'clock each morning, spruced up in one of his blue-ribboned woollen cardigans, the baby Prince has been taken along to his mother's private sitting-room—a big, well-lighted, comfortable room cluttered with family snapshots and china knick-knacks.

After half an hour with mother, out he goes into the garden in his baby-carriage, with only a single light blanket to cover him if the weather is fine.

The Queen believes that his clothing should be as light and loose as possible. Over-clothing is something to be stringently avoided. She is also a firm believer in the twin benefits of sunlight and fresh air.

She does not permit Andrew to have a dummy, regarding such things as old-fashioned and unhygienic, though he has a silver-mounted teething-ring to chew on. No attempt is made to prevent him thumb-sucking.

Most days, apart from an hour's break when he is brought indoors to be fed, young Andrew spends most of his time in the Palace garden, his pram being moved around to ensure he gets enough—but not too much—sunlight. Even if the weather is inclement, he still spends part of the day outdoors, with the pram under cover of the protective awning which projects from above the garden door.

The result of all this outdoor life has been to give young Andrew a healthy, apple-cheeked complexion.

Princess Anne, her lessons over for the day, is quick to race down from the nursery schoolroom to the Palace garden for another peek at her baby brother. She so adores young Andrew that she will cheerfully forgo the five o'clock Westerns—her favorite TV diet—for the privilege of being allowed to wheel him round the garden.

Bath-time fun

One of Andrew's very first playthings was a white woolly rabbit Anne bought for him with the contents of her piggy-bank.

Six o'clock is the baby's bath-time, a signal for the Queen, if she is at home, to come hurrying up to the nursery suite.

He is bathed in the day nursery, in a small rubber bath mounted on a collapsible stand. The water for the bath has to be carried from the adjoining bathroom in an enamel bucket, with its temperature carefully tested by a floating thermometer before Andrew is popped in.

Sometimes the Queen will put on an apron and bath the baby herself. Anne, of course, loves to lend a hand. Prince Philip, if he is at home on an evening, has not been above joining in the fun of baby's bath-time, though his enthusiasm suffered a temporary setback the time a warm, wet stain began to spread rapidly across his suit as he held Andrew in his arms. Grinning ruefully, he handed the baby hurriedly back to Mrs. Anderson.

Prince Philip is an excellent father. Much of his spare time is spent with the children. He has taught Charles and Anne to swim, and has taught Charles the rudiments of shooting and handling a boat. At Balmoral he takes the two children camping, cooking supper over an outdoor fire and spending the night rolled in sleeping-bags.

At Windsor, more than once, he has joined



them in boisterous games of cowboys and Indians, letting out whoops and yells as he pursues them through the shrubberies.

More easily than the Queen, Philip is able to get down to the boisterous, uninhibited level of childhood. Between him and Charles there is a warm, father-son relationship. Anne adores her father. Most nights, at bedtime, he will pop along to her room to read her a story before she finally settles down for the night.

There has even been the odd occasion when the nursery suite has echoed with laughs and squeals as father and daughter engage in a bedtime tussle.

But Philip does not spoil the children. Once, when Anne threw a tantrum at being told to put on an extra woolly, he picked her up and administered a sound spanking.

He was almost boyishly exuberant over the birth of Prince Andrew. He rushed up the stairs, without waiting for the elevator, to tell Anne she had a new brother, ordered champagne for the staff, then dashed back downstairs with a huge bouquet of white roses and carnations for his wife.

Washing diapers

The birth of the baby—the first Prince Andrew in the Royal family for more than 500 years—has edged both Princess Anne and her aunt, Princess Margaret, a rung farther down the ladder of succession.

His birth has, of course, increased the nursery staff. With Mrs. Anderson kept busy with the new baby, the Queen took on June Waller, a 26-year-old, hospital-trained nurserymaid, to look after Anne. But June also helps with the baby.

The Palace has no laundry of its own, though Prince Philip has long argued in favor of one. So while most of the clothes and bed-linen go out to be laundered, a nursery-maid washes the diapers and hangs them to

dry on the old-fashioned, pulley-operated clothes-airer suspended from the ceiling of the nursery kitchen.

The nursery is a little world of its own—kitchen, bathroom, two bedrooms, and day nursery. Counting Mrs. Anderson and June, it takes a staff of eight to run it, including two footmen, three housemaids, and Katherine Peebles, the Scots-born governess, who gives Anne her daily lessons.

About once a month, Wilfred Percy Sheldon, the arrow-straight six-footer who is physician-in-charge of the children's department at London's King's College Hospital, calls at the Palace for a medical check on Andrew.

Anne's pink bed

Making way for the new baby has also involved a major switch-round in the nursery suite. Prince Charles, 12 last November, has moved out of the nursery entirely, and now has a room of his own at the front of the Palace. Anne has moved into Charles' old room, taking her pink-painted bed and duck-shaped bedside-lamp with her. Andrew has taken over Anne's room, with its walls of duck-egg blue and its window drapes of flower-patterned chintz.

Andrew sleeps in the same old-fashioned cot that Charles and Anne used as babies—a canopied creation of pink frills and blue ribbons on a cream-painted stand.

The Queen, despite the sizeable nature of her official income and private fortune, is economical in private life. Many of the clothes Anne wore as a baby were hand-me-downs from Charles, and several of the items used for Prince Andrew were inherited from the other two children.

The padded baby-basket holding the safety-pins and dusting powder, the large pink

Continued on page 20
Page 5

6 ways to enjoy iced coffee made with



iced Crema

Dissolve one teaspoon Nescafé in a little hot water, sugar to taste. Add iced milk and generous scoop of coffee, vanilla or chocolate ice cream.

iced Continentale

Refreshing, stimulating drink! Dissolve one teaspoon Nescafé in a little hot water, add sugar. Fill long glass with cold water and ice cubes.

iced Milk-with-a-dash

Partly fill tall glass with cold milk. Add 4 tablespoons cold coffee. Top with ice cubes frozen with cherry inside. Sugar to taste.

iced Suisse

Dissolve one teaspoon Nescafé in a little hot water, sugar to taste. Add cold water, ice cubes, top with Ideal Milk for a 'creamed' flavour.

iced Julep

Add few drops mint flavouring to teaspoon Nescafé dissolved in little hot water. Add cold water, ice cubes, top with fresh mint.

iced Mocha

Dissolve one teaspoon Nescafé in a little hot water, add cold milk. Stir in 1/2 teaspoon Quik, top with whipped Ideal milk. Sprinkle with Quik.

Princess Grace's new hairstyle

● Princess Grace's long, smooth, blond hair has always looked lovely, but with it cut short in a new feathery style she looks younger and lovelier than ever.

Here, she and Prince Rainier are pictured with a statuette, the first award of the International Television Festival at a gala dinner to honor the 1960 winners, Sir Laurence Olivier and Violetta Antier, of Argentina.



NURSE DELIVERED 4000 BABIES



SISTER EVANS, of the Royal Hospital for Women at Paddington, N.S.W., with two of "her" babies.

BY the time you read this she will probably have topped the 4000 mark, but when I called to interview her at the hospital she knew exactly to that minute how many she had delivered.

"It's 3991. Nine more to go," smiled this sweet-faced sister with the silver-grey hair, "and don't let anyone tell you all babies are alike."

"Even when they're just born, every baby has a personality of his own."

"It's extraordinary, too, the instant resemblance to one or other of the parents."

In her 23 years at the hospital Sister Evans has seen the arrival—or helped in the arrival—of about ten sets of triplets, and has lost count of the number of twins.

"I often see familiar faces in the labor ward. Some are mothers who are having their third or fourth babies in the Royal. In some cases I've assisted in delivering all their previous ones."

Husbands

Sister Evans' niece and her niece's two children were all born in the hospital, but they always arrived on her day off.

I asked Sister Evans what she thought about husbands

being present at their wives' confinements.

"In an occasional case it may be good for the husband to be there, but mostly they are better out of the way."

"Anyway, most men wouldn't dream of staying. Many of them are so scared they drop their wives at the hospital and run for their lives."

"But then there are the anxious ones who insist on waiting outside until it's all over."

"As one would expect, the most frequent question a mother asks the moment the baby is born is: 'Is it all right?' Then they want to know: 'Boy or girl?'"

"I know very few mothers who, having set their heart on a boy or a girl beforehand, are not absolutely delighted with whatever they get."

"I can recall only one young mother who was bitterly disappointed because she didn't

● Almost 4000 babies in 23 years—that is the score of Sister Dorothy Evans, of Sydney's Royal Hospital for Women, at Paddington. She has kept records of all the babies she has delivered, or assisted in delivering.

get the girl she wanted. When I told her she had a boy she turned her head away and wouldn't look at him."

"Then she told me I could have him and keep him. But eventually I won her round. She left the hospital quite happy with her baby."

Some of Sister Evans' mothers are New Australians who can speak no English.

"It makes it more difficult to give them instructions during confinements," she said,

a tour of the labor ward, explain everything to them, and encourage them to attend pre-natal relaxation classes.

"Mothers are becoming more hospital-minded. There's nothing wrong with having babies at home, but the mother gets more relaxation and rest in a hospital, with none of the responsibilities of running a home and family from the first day she gets up."

"At the hospital she is encouraged to handle the baby, supervised by trained nurses, giving her the opportunity of knowing her baby, and safeguarding against cross infection."

Old methods

Not that Sister Evans thinks all the old methods and habits were bad.

"In fact," she said, "some of them were considered so sound they are coming back. Mothers being allowed to keep their babies beside their beds all the time, for instance."

"I believe some of the hospitals are bringing that back, and provided nobody but the mother or the nursing staff handles the new baby I think it is a good thing."

As I left, Sister Evans was going on afternoon and evening duty, possibly in time to deliver her 3992nd baby.

"I do hope we have a busy evening," she said. "The time drags so when it's quiet."

By WINIFRED MUNDAY, staff reporter

"but somehow, with a few signs and sentences, we manage to get through to them what we want them to do."

Sister Evans is a great believer in the benefit of exercise, relaxation, and pre-natal knowledge.

"When I started in maternity many of the young mothers used to come in to have their babies completely ignorant of what was going to happen. Now we take them on



INDIAN SPLENDOR

These pictures show why the Queen's visit to India is being described as her most spectacular Royal Tour. The trains, ships, carriages, and aeroplanes in which she has travelled pale beside the magnificently decorated elephant on which she rode to the palace of the Maharajah of Jaipur. The Maharajah (observed in the picture at right) sat beside her in the gold filigree howdah. Above she is seen on her visit to Bakrota village, a community development centre. Maidens, clad in beautiful saris and bearing pots, on their heads, greeted her at the entrance to the village. Our pictures were taken by staff photographer Ron Berg, who flew to India to cover the tour with Anne Matheson, of our London staff.



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Watch it expand to big, soft, pliable sponge of 3" x 5"



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FLOORS. Linos, rubber tiles, parquets—Handy Andy is fabulous for all floors. (No rinsing, no wiping dry!) Washes cars sparkling, too.



PAINTWORK. Cupboards, doors—one wipe with Handy Andy, straight from the bottle, cleans safely and quick as a wink!



KITCHENS. Stoves, refrigerators, sinks come cleaner quick as a wink. Handy Andy never scratches, never dulls.



BATHROOMS. Basins, baths, tiles, combs, medicine chests, toilet bowls—everything comes hygienically clean in a jiffy.



WINDOWS. Windowpanes and picture-glass come sparkling clean—leaves no smears to chase.

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HA 18.WW143g

FATHER



"Room service, please."

MOTHER



"As a matter of fact... this isn't the rumpus room. They only use it as one."

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drain

WAS Sir Percy Hunting, an English airlines executive, serious when he suggested strap-hanging for short air journeys, such as the one from London to Paris?

Sir Percy's idea was that by cramming in standing passengers, fares could be reduced much further.

Fortunately nobody, so far, has taken the thought seriously. But don't let that lull you. The tendency in many forms of modern public transport is to regard passengers as so many bodies to be moved from place to place.

Sir Percy was probably looking ahead to the time when air journeys which now take an hour will be reduced to 15 minutes. When that happens the best way to pack in the passengers would be horizontally, on shelves.

You could then have a little sleep.

I don't suppose these shelves will run to a reading-light, but perhaps the airlines will provide tranquillisers in place of the obsolete chewing-sweets. And I do hope they invent a pillow thing that will preserve a hairset.

Returning to the thought of strap-hanging: Isn't it too awful to contemplate what could happen to air hostesses? Instead of being chosen for their good looks and soothing voices, they would have to be strongly built and capable of shouting, "Move down the centre, pl-e-e-ze!"

WHICH reminds me, the custom of handing round barley sugar at the beginning of a flight has quietly disappeared within the last couple of years.

There used to be a belief that chewing helped avoid the deafness induced by rising or descending. An air hostess once told me that the sweets simply diverted the passenger from misgivings about the take-off.

For tourist passengers, meals are now cut to a minimum. And that recalls something I noticed on flights to and from Brisbane a few weeks ago. On the way up I had a choice of sweet or dry biscuits with coffee. On the way down there were only sweet biscuits, a form of nourishment which I find particularly unappealing round dinner-time.

Still, one mustn't grumble. The time is coming when eaters of biscuits, whether sweet or dry, will have to carry their own. Meanwhile let us be grateful for seats.

GOOD news — the intention of the Australian Tennis Players' Association to stamp out "behaviour detrimental to the game."

The association, founded at the end of last month in Melbourne by 14 leading players, has various other objectives, the chief one "to help promote tennis throughout Australia."

But most attention has been attracted by the move to watch court manners. It could be a really effective move, because it comes from players themselves.

USUALLY I find the thought of eating and drinking contests—whether of pies, oysters, or beer—extremely repellent.

But I don't feel so hard about the tea-drinking contest held last week at Shorncliffe, Queensland.

The champion drank 26 cups in 15 minutes, a remarkable effort.

If tea-drinking contests become common, there will be great interest in the rules.

Obviously all contestants drink from cups of the same size, but is the temperature maintained?

Is the tea made in an urn or in one of those enormous enamel pots used for Sunday School picnics? If so, the 26th cup must be pretty stewed. (Rule 6A, perhaps: "All tea to be previously strained.")

Pourers, like umpires, would need special training. They would fill the cups to an exact point, neither brimming at an ungenteel height nor scant to the degree described in families as "boarding-house."

As one who often drinks four cups instead of breakfast (usually in two, even three, brews, extending over two hours between domestic tasks and newspaper-reading), I find a fascinating horror in the speed element. The winner, at 26 cups in 15 minutes, drank a cup in less than half a minute.

A quick cup of tea, indeed.

AN American woman won a divorce recently because her husband was so quiet that she contracted an ulcer.

He never said, "The country's going to the dogs,"

Or "Where the devil is my other sock?"

Nor even "Isn't breakfast ready yet?"

He sat there, uncommunicative as a rock.

And sometimes she would try such

openings as

"The grocer said a funny thing today,"

Or "How are things at work?" but, as she spoke,

The words upon her lips would die away.

He took the view, (at least we think he did)

Of "Least said, soonest mended," which is wise,

And so in time she should perhaps have learned

To ask no questions and be told no lies.

"Takes two to make a quarrel," did he think,

To thus achieve a rare and peaceful house?

But what are quarrels, when they're set against

The haunting horror of a silent spouse?



JAMES LIND—Conqueror of Scurvy—reproduced here is one of a series of original oil paintings commissioned by Parke-Davis.

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James Lind, a British Naval Surgeon, in 1747 proved experimentally the value of a treatment for a disease that had incapacitated more seamen than all other diseases, naval engagements, marine mishaps, shipwrecks, and accidents combined. The disease was scurvy . . . a severe vitamin deficiency resulting from sailors' unvaried diet of salt meat and sea biscuits.

Lind's recommendation of the addition of fresh limes, other citrus fruits, and their juices to diets of seamen, though not adopted generally by the British Navy until after his death, saved countless lives. British seamen, thereafter called "Limeys," were the first to receive prophylactic vitamin therapy.

Although some vitamin deficiencies in man cannot be prevented or corrected as dramatically and as simply as scurvy, modern medical research is constantly giving physicians better and more effective weapons for use in the fight for better health for people world-wide.

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PALM

SMASH hit of the season at Palm Beach is the muu-muu. Everyone is crazy about them because of their offbeat island-belle chic and irresistible comfort—whether styled as elegant imported models or whipped up in an hour a la a shortie nightgown from a couple of yards of tropic-flowered material.

The most dramatic muu-muu on the coast is set off by the svelte figure of that fabulous sprite Pauline Kiernan—holidaying at Palm Beach until mid-March, when she returns to her top-of-the-tops modelling career in New York.

Hers is a party-time number she bought a few weeks ago in Honolulu.

Made of shocking-pink dacron, it's cut on loose-fitting but slender lines, with a floor-sweeping skirt with side splits and a plunging neckline.

Pauline, who is so suntanned—she's almost incognito—is sharing a house with her sister, Helen.

She admits both are coping with the housekeeping as "no very good cooks."

Their parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Kiernan, of Killara, join them at weekends.

MRS. BILL MOSES has one of the best collections of "authentic" muu-muus. She shopped for several when she was holidaying recently in Tahiti. They include a very pretty buttercup-and-white cotton one she bought for her daughter, Margaret, Mrs. Robert Nixon, of "Iona Downs," Gunnedah, who, with her three-weeks-old daughter, Ann Clare, is staying at "Hestbank" with her parents, and also a lilac-and-white muu-muu, which Mrs. Moses bought for herself.

I HEAR Mrs. Dick Allen was so taken with Mrs. Moses' lilac-and-white muu-muu she is having its "twin" made up locally as the ideal outfit to wear plane travelling when she flies abroad on April 19 to visit her younger son, Nicky, in London. She is going to make a stop-over in San Francisco en route, to spend a few days with former Sydneysiders Captain and Mrs. Hugh Birch.

ATTRACTIVE, dark-haired Diane Greaves and her fiancé, Tim Allen, have gone back to town after an intensive suntanning campaign, staying with Mr. and Mrs. Sam Walder, getting a bronze that will be in keeping with their honeymoon destination. They're going off to the Ile de Pins, in New Caledonia, one of the last unspoiled South Sea Island outposts. There will be an air of enchantment at their wedding at St. Mark's Church on February 28, with a bridal retinue of four four-year-olds—Amanda Lewis, Corina Douglass, Virginia McGrath, and Judy Chapman, and the John McCallums' eight-year-old daughter, Joanna—attending Diane. Lionel Sandy will earn the title of "the best man with the most responsibilities of the year" as "ringmaster" to the five-some at the ceremony.

WEEKENDING with Mr. and Mrs. Warren McDonald, who have been down from Canberra, in residence at their Palm Beach house, their son-in-law, Dr. Alan Trist, was in high spirits. He had just arranged to lease a Middle Harbor frontage house at Mosman and was sending an "I've found a home for us" signal to his wife, Peg, in Brisbane. Alan and Peg, who have lived in London (in a flat in Park Lane!) since their marriage in England six years ago, recently returned to settle in Australia. While Alan has been house-hunting for them here, Peg and their two small sons have been staying with Alan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Trist, in Brisbane.

I LIKED the pretty pink-and-white candy-striped one-piece swimsuit worn by Jenny Coles surfing with her fiancé, Ross Parker. They're being married in May, and are very engrossed at the moment with the building and furnishing of a colonial-style home set amid gumtrees at St. Ives.



CHEERY FOURSOME. From left: Peter Kuner, Nicholina Ralston, Michael Lodge, from Canberra, and Sue Taylor, of Point Piper. Nicholina, whose parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Ralston, have a beach house in Pacific Road, wore a poppy-flowered playsuit, and Sue a lilac floral swimsuit.

BEACH ROUNDABOUT

By MARY COLES



COLORFUL muu-muus were worn by sisters Christobel and Rosemary Grundy, with their mother, Mrs. Arthur Grundy, of Roseville (on the left), and Georgina Goodall. Rosemary (on the right) chose a turquoise-and-white cotton muu-muu, and Christobel's was printed with red and gold tropical flowers.

SMILES from just-engaged Jan Metcalf and her fiancé, David Bottomley, enjoying cool drinks on the patio of the Metcalfs' charming new seaside house at Whale Beach. Jan is the daughter of Mrs. Hall Sargison Metcalf, of Wahroonga, and the late Mr. Metcalf, and David is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bottomley, of Wahroonga. David has given Jan a diamond solitaire ring.

COUNTRY visitor Kim Murchison, of "Kaytown," Tamworth (on the left), with Julian Peters and Julian's aunt, Mrs. Jim Weißen, relaxed under the shade of a navy-blue-and-white striped umbrella. Mrs. Weißen wore a black-and-white leopard-patterned swimsuit.



YOUTHFUL TRIO, from left, Penny Read, Robin Wilson, and Eve Hunter setting off for the beach after lunching at the Pacific Club. They holidayed with Eve's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Hunter, of Killara, at their house in Florida Road, Palm Beach.



SHADED by a colorful umbrella, Dr. and Mrs. Alastair Rourke and their second son, Jeremy, of Wahroonga, enjoyed a picnic luncheon after surfing. With her black one-piece swimsuit, Mrs. Rourke wore a black-clip straw hat banded in yellow ribbon.



ON their return to the Pacific Club, Gillian Hardie, of Darling Point, and Pam Dodds (on the right) washed the sand off their feet before showering. Gillian's swimsuit was of white swathed silk jersey, and Pam, who has been holidaying with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ian Dodds, who have a house in Rolston Road, was in a yellow-flowered white swimsuit.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 15, 1961

LORD DUNROSSIL

● In his brief year of office as the Queen's representative in Australia, the late Lord Dunrossil with his modesty, his humor, his humanity, and his delightful informality won the hearts of Australians all over the continent. He died suddenly in Canberra on February 3, aged 67.



● Aboard the *Ceramic* on January 1, 1960, the day they sailed for Australia, with two of their four sons, Rev. Randall Morrison (left) and the Hon. Godfrey Morrison, who saw them off. Godfrey came to visit his parents a few months ago after leaving Cambridge University, where he read history.



● Lord and Lady Dunrossil at Admiralty House on November 25 last year. The Governor-General was convalescing after three weeks in hospital for treatment of an infection contracted in New Guinea the month before.

● When he opened the 23rd Parliament in Canberra last March, Lord Dunrossil (right) wore the official uniform of Governor-General and looked even taller than his 6ft. 3in., towering over small, slim Lady Dunrossil.



When a mere waiter sought the hand of a princess and threatened the tradition of an ancient throne he met violent opposition

PRINCESS

WE were sitting in the Tower drawing-room, a circular room forming an upper floor of one of the four turrets that originally had stood at the corners of the rectangular fortress. Time, arson, and artillery had ruined the others.

"The newspapers will come this evening," said Sophie. "I've sent a car into town for the mail."

She sat very straight on the sofa, pouring tea and looking decorous—the way, I suppose, she had been taught to do in finishing school some eighteen or twenty years before. It occurred to me that it would be hard to imagine Countess Sophie de Rastazac in any other setting; she belonged to her savagely medieval little castle on, probably, the most desolate hill-top in Provence. I was there because Sophie wanted me, as art critic for the Paris "Herald

Tribune," to examine and appraise the old masters she had inherited from her husband and perhaps because, too, she wanted to talk to a man who was not of any royal line.

I missed my paper and said so. "You mean there's no delivery?" I asked her. "I suppose the mailman's afraid of having arrows shot at him." I indicated the slits in the four-foot-thick walls of the turret, outside which the mistral moaned bitterly.

"Not arrows," said Sophie. "But on Saturday Anton von Torrlitz set his police dogs on the mailman. Of course, Anton thought the mailman was somebody else in disguise. Would you like a little more rum in your tea?"

I waved aside the offer and asked her if Anton had a persecution mania.

"The baron," Sophie replied, sitting up a shade straighter, "and his dogs are the advance bodyguards of my niece Penelope. As her male

second cousin, he feels responsibility. Princess Penelope herself will arrive this evening. After dark. You realise," she went on, "that if enough people dropped dead, Penelope would be heir apparent to the throne. That's why this disastrous and unsuitable romance all the newspapers are writing of must be stopped."

"To judge by the papers, it's in full bloom already, and a great many people will have to fall by the wayside before Penelope gets a crack at the thr—"

"No royal family nowadays can afford to be made even slightly ridiculous. And it's not even as though this man were down and out in some colorful way. He's merely a quite well-paid ship's steward. And then, he's fifty per cent. American, fifty per cent. Greek, and fifty per cent. from Mexico. Imagine the international repercussions!"

"Then the stories are about right?"



PENELOPE

By
James
Helvick

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

Sophie raised her shoulders elegantly. Pictures of Penelope and this creature actually dancing together at a Belgian beach resort had been published. A later story had announced that the steward had gone to Paris and taken a job as a writer to be near his adored princess.

"That's why," Sophie said, "we are shipping her out of Paris and down here. There will be outcries. The Press will say we are living in the Middle Ages. They will say the dead hand of outmoded tradition is blighting the lives of two young lovers."

"If," I said, "you could get Princess Penelope to see reason—"

Sophie leaned forward and clasped both my hands in hers, her eyes blazing with enthusiasm. "Exactly. But Anton wants to put her under lock and key the moment she arrives and then hire some Paris toughs to beat the young man's block off. Anton," she said, with a faint air of ecstasy, "is so primitive."

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Clinging desperately to the face of the cliff, he was as helpless as the little bird which had fallen from the nest to the rocks below . . . a dramatic short story

By G. M. GLASKIN

Twenty Feet Up

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS

WHEN the ledge broke away from under his feet, he realised he was stuck. Fear wrenched at him. He hung, quivering, against the face of the cliff. His fingers and arms burned with the pain of his own weight. For those first few terrible moments he thought he was going to fall.

He could see himself falling, his body turning helplessly in the air with the shower of limestone rocks and dust. He felt the hideous impact, the pain smashing through his body. He could even see himself lying broken and bleeding on the rocks below.

Then his feet felt their way tremulously to where some of the ledge was still left, on the wrong side of the break, and he realised incredulously that he hadn't fallen after all. He was still alive, still safe.

He was able to take some of his weight on his feet and relieve the terrible pain in his hands and arms. Now that the pain was eased he was conscious of his heart beating, like a savage drum. It made his chest feel hollow. He was safe, but he was stuck on the ledge.

He was too terrified to look down at the rocks and the beach, but he guessed he was about twenty feet up. Twenty feet up, the ledge broken for about three feet — too wide for him to be able to stretch across — and the cliff on this side of the break too smooth all the way down for hand and foot holds.

If only he hadn't seen the seagull nest. If only he hadn't climbed up the face of the cliff to see if there were any eggs in it. If only he'd gone straight home from school instead of coming down to the beach. If only he could turn back time to half an hour ago when school came out and he could go straight home.

But he couldn't. He had come down to the beach. He had seen the seagull nest half way up the cliff. He had climbed up the cliff and along the ledge almost to where the nest was. Then the ledge had snapped, slithering away from underneath him. And now he was stuck there — twenty feet up — and no way down.

His face, his chest, and thighs were pressed hard against the face of the cliff. He couldn't see much. If he looked up, jutting pieces of rock and another ledge, higher up, prevented him from seeing the top.

Sand blew down into his eyes. He couldn't see any hand or foot holds in the fluted rock to be able to climb right to the top and get home that way. Besides, he was frightened to climb any higher. It only meant the further to fall.

If he turned his face to the left, pulling his head back a little to save his nose scraping against the rock, he could see a short distance along the beach, up to where the cliff curved gently before jutting out into the sea. The water swirled in angry patterns there, like a nest of ants stirred up with a stick, busy and angry. Now and again it would toss up white explosions of spray and drench the wet rocks.

Rivulets of water would run back into the sea, dragging at the fronds of wet green seaweed. The water there was dark and frightening. Beyond the jutting cliff, a few hundred yards along the next beach, was the bathing pavilion. But he couldn't see that from here. People would be there. But they wouldn't be able to see him, either.

Turning to the right he could see the beach sweeping away in curves and points until, eventually, it merged with the sea in a thin haze far away in the distance. For a short while the cliffs rose up even higher than they were here, then shelved away gradually till there were only sand dunes tufted with salt scrub. Shiny green rushes looked as sharp as curved swords with the sun glinting on them.

Weekends the gang played there, cops and robbers; he liked the way the white sand crunched and whistled under his feet when he raced down the steep slopes. Little avalanches of sand would slither down after him. If only he was there now, instead of on the cliff.

Behind him? He couldn't see behind him. But that was where the sea was, stretching away and away until the sky came down to meet it. He couldn't see it, but he could hear it, whispering and chattering away to itself, the waves bursting into giggles as they romped and flopped on the shore. He could hear shells being turned, like shingle, as the waves rushed up and then slid away again.

The sun was getting low; he could feel it warm on the back of his neck and legs. If he didn't get home soon his mother would be starting to wonder where he was; he had messages to do before she could cook the tea. She'd be angry. He might even get a belting if he was very late. If only he hadn't come looking for seagull eggs.

Slowly, not wanting to, trying to make himself do it, jerking his head up fearfully and then trying again to make himself do it, he looked down. The air stifled in his lungs. His fear burst upwards within him again, like a fiery rocket; he tried to swallow it. And now his heart was beating like a crazy thing. It was only twenty feet up. It hadn't looked so high from the ground, but now it looked miles down. And at the bottom there were rocks.

Little patches of white sand twisted among them and here and there the wind had blown dry dead seaweed into pockets. But they were all small. Sharp spears of rock shot up all around them. He thought it would kill a grown man to fall on them from this height, let alone a kid of not yet twelve.

Someone would come. Someone would have to come, sooner or later. Perhaps a couple going for a stroll, or a man to come fishing after work, even some kids. Sooner or later someone would have to come. There was no one now, but there couldn't always be. If only he hadn't come to the beach.



To page 47



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Prince Andrew's first birthday



AGED SIX MONTHS, Prince Andrew and his nannie, Mrs. Mabel Anderson, at King's Cross Station, London, on the way to Balmoral. Andrew is mostly photographed by chance like this. The Queen seldom permits him to be posed for pictures.

Continued from page 5

powder-puff, the silver-backed hairbrush, and the silver-belled rattle have all seen sterling service before.

Only one set of photographs of the baby Prince had been released for publication by the time he was five months old. There was a similar clamp-down on news about him.

"He's doing fine," Palace officials said when asked how things were going, and declined to elaborate further.

Prince Charles, by contrast, had been photographed five times before he was three months old. Anne's christening ceremony was filmed for television. The only pictures taken of Andrew's christening—by Tony Armstrong-Jones—were reserved for the Royal family's private album.

No publicity

The reason for this lack of news lay only in the determination of both the Queen and Prince Philip that their third child should not be treated as a film-star baby. As the Queen made clear in a broadcast, she and Philip think it is bad for children to be always in the public spotlight.

Looking back, the Queen and her husband realise that the early upbringing of their two older children, with all its attendant publicity, was in the nature of a tactical error.

Within the framework of the unique position they occupy, they strive hard to give their children as normal an upbringing as possible.

Charles, for example, travels to and from his boarding-school at Cheam by ordinary train and school bus. Anne is restricted to A3/- a week spending money. And when Charles wrote home for a toy sailing-boat, the Queen phoned the school first to make sure the other boys had them. She

didn't want her son thinking he was privileged.

Her instructions to the school when Charles first went there were specific: treat him like any other boy. So he cleans his shoes, folds his clothes when he goes to bed at night, and has his face and hands checked for cleanliness by the school matron before he is allowed to breakfast each morning.

History shows that the childhood of Royal youngsters has not always been the happiest days of their lives. Often they were raised to a stereotyped pattern, emotionally divorced from their parents, prisoners of a nursery regime which had no counterpart in ordinary life.

The Queen's grandfather, who became King George V, was still being treated as a small boy long after he had grown to manhood. Her father, in turn, dreaded a summons to the paternal study.

Even in more enlightened times, Prince Charles, as a very small boy, was trained to shake hand with his parents, and Anne was taught to drop a curtsy whenever she entered her mother's room.

Such conventions have now been thrown out of the nursery windows. For Prince Andrew, the Queen and Philip plan the sort of upbringing they would have given Charles and Anne right from the start had they known then what they know now. It is an out-of-the-spotlight upbringing.

This is a bold experiment. But if it works, the day will come when Prince Andrew can go out and about—to stores and restaurants, theatres and sporting occasions—unheralded, unrecognised... another big step forward in the democratisation of the monarchy.

A MAGIC SILENCE

Romance blossomed for
Eve when she learnt that
there is a time to listen
and a time to talk . . .

A short short story

By SUZANNE
EBEL



MY great-aunt Tracy is an American. She is humorous, rich, and wears sapphire mink and four rings on one finger. She visits us every three years for four carefully scheduled days, getting the whole family into a state of nervous expectation. It was the first evening of her state visit and we were all in Tracy's suite at the loveliest hotel overlooking the park.

I looked round at the grown-ups buzzing round Tracy, the teenagers deferring to Tracy, the young men (we had countless cousins) lighting Tracy's cigarettes. Really!

Of the family, I was the least important. Twenty-three, fair, talkative, and working in a toyshop. Not the kind of great-niece one pushes forward. I sipped unaccustomed champagne and stole a look at the tall dark young man close to Tracy. He was my second cousin Ian Tyrrell. I'd known him twenty years. I didn't know him at all. He was tough and handsome and made Tracy laugh, which was more than the rest of the family ever did.

There was a rustle round Tracy's chair and Ian called: "Eve, you're wanted." I went over shyly.

"Now go away, everybody, do!" Tracy said in her American voice. "I haven't talked to Eve in years."

The others moved away towards the little flower-decked bar. Ian went, too, which disappointed but didn't surprise me. Tracy looked me over with her clever eyes, blue and bright still.

"How do you like the department store, Eve?" She patted the chair by her side. And, looking at that comic, sharp-drawn, delightful face, I wanted to tell Tracy all about the sale of teddy-bears, yachts, and space guns. I talked eagerly, while she smiled, nodded, asked questions.

"So you want to get on, Eve?" she said at last.

"Oh, yes! But I'll never be a success like you!"

"I wonder . . ." She paused; what she saw in my face made her laugh. "Do you want some advice?"

I leaned forward; close to Tracy, smelling the sharp scent she used, I was as wooed, as won, as any of my relatives.

"My mother taught it me, I've always followed it," she said lightly. "She used to call it 'a magic silence.' Tracy," she'd say, "Notice who's talking. If it's you, they're not enjoying themselves!"

A moment later Uncle James arrived and I was dismissed.

Waking next morning I remembered Tracy's odd advice, the odd way she'd said it, her sweet, worn face. "Does she mean I talk too much?" I thought.

I hurried to work. I polished the counters, rearranged the window, with its three-foot-high teddy-bear, looked with genuine affection at this kingdom of mine. At coffee time the manager sent for me. Mr. George, impressive, fortyish, asked me to sit down.

"Eve, you like your job, don't you?" he said with an encouraging smile, for Tracy's words had come back again. But my desire to burst into torrents of enthusiastic words suddenly died; I was silent, nodding eagerly.

"Any special comments, Eve?"

I shook my head, smiling. Mr. George talked for five minutes, sketching bigger plans for the toy department. Finally, without my saying anything but, "Oh, yes!" he patted my shoulder, and saying, "You're a clever girl, we're proud of you," he gave me a rise.

I went back downstairs in a dream: in my mind I kept seeing Tracy, listening to my uncles, to my aunts, to Ian.

At lunchtime Rosemary de Friece was due. She was a toy designer: clever, dark-haired, and pretty, with a circle of artistic friends. I had always admired her yet I felt she didn't like me. Today when she came in I was full of my rise, my future, and Mr. George.

"How are you, Eve?" she said, with her smile, neither friendly nor exactly cold.

"How are you?" I said. Rosemary lingered. She talked for the first time in the year I'd worked here; she was, she said, miserable. Her fiancé and she had quarrelled — "Do you think I could ring him?" she asked wistfully. In ten minutes I had a friend.

I didn't see Tracy again until the day she was leaving. I was busy with plans at the shop, and happy — for Rosemary had asked me home. Wearing my only party frock I hurried to Tracy's hotel. When I arrived in the rose-decorated suite, with its French furniture and American luggage, the only person already here was Ian.

"Oh! I'm early. How awful . . ." I began.

Ian was standing by the window and he turned and smiled. What a smile — so warm, mischievous, promising. I wanted to be close to him, as I'd done since I was fifteen.

"You look very pretty, Eve. What have you been doing with yourself?"

But no catch question, encouraging me to talk my companion into boredom, could trap me. I said, "How did you like Washington with Aunt Tracy, Ian?"

He stayed with me an hour. Guests arrived; Tracy came in, looking wonderful in a silver dress. Still Ian stayed, talking and making me laugh. "We must meet! It's nonsense that we haven't," he said. "What about tomorrow?"

Tracy beckoned us with one imperious finger.

"I've decided to give Eve a present," she said. There was a slight hush. Oh! those relations.

"No — please — I don't want anything, my dear Aunt," I said. I blushed scarlet when Ian and Tracy both roared with laughter.

"That's exactly why I want to give it to you," she said, undoing a gold and pearl bracelet she was wearing and clasp it round my wrist.

I looked down at it. "It's beautiful!" I said.

Tracy wasn't listening. She was looking at Ian with her bright worldly eyes.

"What I gave you the other evening was better!" she said.

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Blindfold

By LUCILLE FLETCHER

SLOWLY he placed the receiver back in its cradle, then immediately picked it up again, dialling the operator. "I just had a call," he said, giving his number. "Is it possible for it to be traced?"

"I'm sorry, sir, but that's impossible."

"Suppose it had been long distance? Would there be a record?"

"You would have to know the city your party was calling from."

But, of course, it was not long distance. The operator flashed and asked for another dime that way only on local calls. Mallory must be in New York.

Hanging up at last, the doctor sat despondently on the edge of the bed.

Mingled with the shock and concern was a nasty vindictive little twinge of triumph. The General knew so damned much!

Cured, eh? Well the "cure" had been damned brief.

But why New York? And how had he gotten to New York? Had he run away? And why had he called here? Why not the Romagna house?

And where was the General? Out playing bridge?

Still he sat there, hopeful that the phone would ring again, juggling all the possibilities.

Mallory didn't know that Angela had gone to her mother's. Nor had he ever liked the Romagnas. In addition to which the house was empty. The phone was disconnected now. So — knowing Fenton's name, and remembering that Fenton had been helpful, had been instrumental in helping him overcome his inability to speak at Base X, it was natural enough . . .

If, that is, it had been Mallory. The doctor lit a cigarette, and lay propped up in bed. After all, he had not even heard a voice. It could be another trick. Fitzgerald had been an artist at impersonation.

For a long while he lay there, frowning at the ceiling, deep in concentration. Presently he dozed off.

Towards four he came awake again as if he had been propelled, and it seemed that the truth of the matter took form, was laid clear and plain before him just in the few seconds it took to pass from sleep to wakefulness.

It would explain the sudden arrogance and nastiness — qualities which certainly had not been apparent in the original patient, and which did not fit Angela's description of her husband's nature. It would explain Dr. Fenton's own abrupt switch from sympathy for his patient to deep repugnance. It would even explain the pat familiarity with psychiatric terms.

The lamp beside his bed was still on. He reached for a cigarette, turned out the lamp, and lay smoking in the dark.

Down the street he heard a snow plough and the rasp of shovels.

Dr. Fenton slept no more that night. For two hours he lay there, trying to figure out every facet. Towards seven he got up, shaved, took a shower, and dressed.

Strong doubt by now had set in. Mallory, after all, had been under constant guard, attended by orderlies around the clock. Base X was an island, manned by sentries. It would have been next to impossible to make a switch.

He studied his own face. Near-doubles, of course, could be found. Somewhere in the world there was a face that might pass as a fair duplicate of the weary countenance looking back at him from the mirror.

But the variation in human faces was infinite, and to find an identical replica seemed unlikely. Plus a voice and some familiarity with science. Of course, most of the time the face had been covered up, conveniently, by a pillowslip. But that pillowslip had been removed. Dr. Throckmorton himself had removed it, had seen the man, had treated the skin rash, and bandaged the face again.

But if the explanation was that Mallory had had a relapse and escaped, then why hadn't the General called him? Maybe, he thought wryly, the answer was simply that he had been fired for insubordination.

Down in the kitchen he slid two pieces of bread into the



Angela Mallory sat in the wing chair saying little as Dr. Fenton and the General tried to comfort her.

toaster, started the burner under last night's coffee and placed a person-to-person call to the General at the Pentagon.

The switchboard operator transferred the call to Pentagon information.

There was no extension listed.

He had expected none. He cancelled the call.

While his mouth was full of toast, the telephone rang. The voice was deferential and precise.

"Is this the residence of Dr. Richard Fenton? This is the Hotel Colton, Doctor. Sorry to disturb you at this hour, but I'm calling to see if you might be able to help us. Do you know a man named Mulroy?"

The doctor gulped down the toast. "Could it be Mallory?" he asked excitedly.

"Conceivably," the man said. "Yes, conceivably it might be Mallory. He has written it on a slip of paper and his handwriting is quite shaky, quite illegible. He has been here since five o'clock this morning."

"Is he there now?"

"Yes, you see he apparently has a severe case of laryngitis or the like because he's unable to talk. He's —"

"Thank you," the doctor said, "I'll be right there."

The Colton was in the Murray Hill section. Within the lobby was dim, oak-panelled. But not a sofa or a chair was occupied. Behind a counter carved like an altar, a balding, immaculately dressed young man was sorting mail. He looked up.

"I'm Dr. Fenton. Where is he?"

"Oh yes, Doctor. I'm terribly sorry." The young man spread his hands, assuming a look of amazement. "He ducked out. While I was talking to you on the telephone. I tried to reach you, but your maid said you had left."

"Just in the ten minutes it took me to get here? He disappeared?"

"Yes. Incredible." The desk clerk snapped his fingers. "Just like that. One minute he was here, the next he wasn't."

The doctor slumped wearily against the counter. A tall mahogany clock nearby began to chime. It was seven-thirty.

"Poof!" the young man said, waving a pale hand. "Gone! And this after so tenaciously refusing to budge from that chair since five this morning."

"Could you tell me how he was dressed?"

"Umm," the clerk said. "I should say incongruously. That is, he was dressed like a longshoreman, or whatever those fellows are called, and yet he looked like anything but a longshoreman. One of those abbreviated blue jackets and a knit cap. His trousers were positively stiff as a board. He looked as if he might have fallen into the river."

"Thank you," the doctor said, and hurried out into the street. Glancing north and south on Madison, he set out at a brisk pace, circling first the immediate block, then others, working outward at an ever-widening radius from the hotel. Finally he returned.

"Oh, there you are, Doctor." The clerk clipped his fountain pen on his shirt pocket. "Any trace?"

"No," the doctor said. "I wonder if you could tell me what he looked like. I mean aside from his clothing."

"Umm . . ." The clerk tilted his chin, supporting it with his thumb. "Umm . . . blond," he snapped decisively. "He didn't remove the cap, but I had a distinct impression of blondness. Blond stubble. He needed a shave. A rather slightly built man. The jacket was far too large for him . . . Doctor, if I had suspected he had the slightest intention of ducking out, I should most certainly have had someone sit on him, as it were."

To page 48

COUTURE FASHIONS IN NYLON

● Four top Melbourne models flew to Adelaide recently for the Australian premiere of the Couture Internationale. The collection — we show five designs here — was made entirely of nylon and nylon mixtures.

Included in the fashions from overseas are such famous names as Hartnell, Nina Ricci, and Capucci. Australian couturiers are also represented.

The clothes will be paraded in Perth and Sydney. Perth will see the collection from March 7 to 10 and Sydney from March 25 to 30.

● Rose-red ballgown (below) designed by Hardy Amies, of London. The dress has a form-fitting, sleeveless bodice-top and a voluminous skirt.

● Nylon net encrusted with sequins is designer Hartnell's choice for an after-dark suit (right). The white blouse is dotted in sequins to match the suit.

Creative in
texture,
color,
and design

● Plain and spotted navy-blue nylon net is Charles Creed's choice for a superb ballgown (below). The two fabrics are cleverly draped and intermingled. The back of the dress is trimmed with an ultra large net pompon.





Pictures by Vic Grismoli

● Rose-splashed nylon net is chosen by Charlotte Blau, of Melbourne, for this exotic bare-top evening dress. Hand-made roses cascade down one side of the graceful bouffant train.

● Nina Ricci, of Paris, designed this chic floor-length evening dress. The fabric choice is hailspot nylon net. The skirt is gathered at knee level in a bon-bon effect.

Dress Sense

by Betty Keep

● The shortie nightgown with matching boudoir coat, illustrated at right, was chosen for a reader's trousseau. Paper patterns for them are available by mail. Details and how to order are under the illustration.

HERE are some queries from other readers, and my replies:

"I am making a chiffon sheath dress and can't think of a soft style for the top."

Deep dolman-like sleeves caught up into shoulder bows could look very feminine, and be the focal point of a chiffon sheath dress.

"I'd like a style for a tailored late-day frock for a middle-aged woman. The fabric is dove-grey taffeta and I like a gored skirt."

I suggest you combine a gored skirt with a bodice top finished with a cuffed bateau neckline and elbow-length sleeves.

"Are cardigan suits still being worn? If so, I would like a color suggestion and other details for one."

Cardigan suits are still in fashion, made so by French designer Chanel, whose fashion influence is world-wide. The Chanel cardigan is usually pocket-trimmed, fastened with gold buttons and often finished with a contrasting trim of braid, bands, or fringe. The skirt can be slim or pleated. Two currently popular Chanel designs are: a plaid suit with a black band trim and a white wool suit trimmed with navy bands.

"What should I wear in the day-time on a cruise up north?"

During the day you will wear casual clothes, the type you would choose for a holiday

by the sea. Deck games could be played in shorts and shirt, worn alone or concealed by a front-buttoned skirt, and you will need some type of soft-soled shoes for deck walking and games. Most cruise ships have a swimming-pool, so take a swimsuit and some type of "cover" to wear going to and from your cabin and the pool. The "cover" can be just a large towel.

Take a pair of dark glasses, and I also advise some type of lightweight wrap—even if it's only a cardigan. Breezes off the ocean can be quite cool, especially at night.

"What is the right way to cut bias strips to bind the neckline of a nightgown?"

Bias strips should be cut along the true diagonal of the fabric thread. Here is the correct method: Straighten one cross-wise end of the fabric and

fold corner so that the selvedge or lengthwise edge lies evenly along a cross thread, then crease the fold. This creased line is a true bias. Mark with chalk lines parallel to the crease and the width desired for bias strips. Measure off as many strips as necessary for the length needed. Cut on fold and on chalk lines.

"Would it be correct to use a fox fur collar on a topcoat?"

Yes. Long-haired pelts are among the newest furs to be used as a trim.

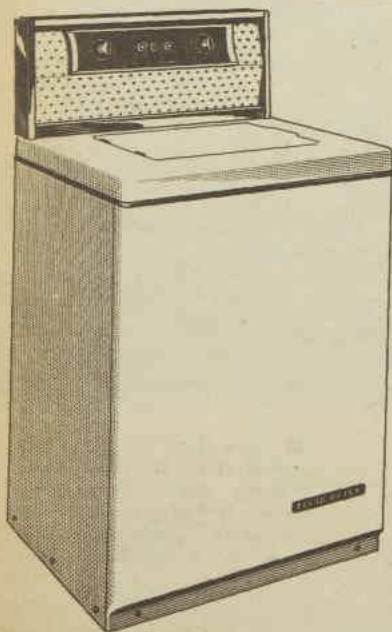


DS437. — Nightgown and matching coat in sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 8 yds. 36 in. material, 1 yd. 36 in. sheer material, and 2 yds. 1 in. ribbon. Price 5/6. Orders to Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



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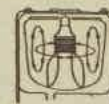
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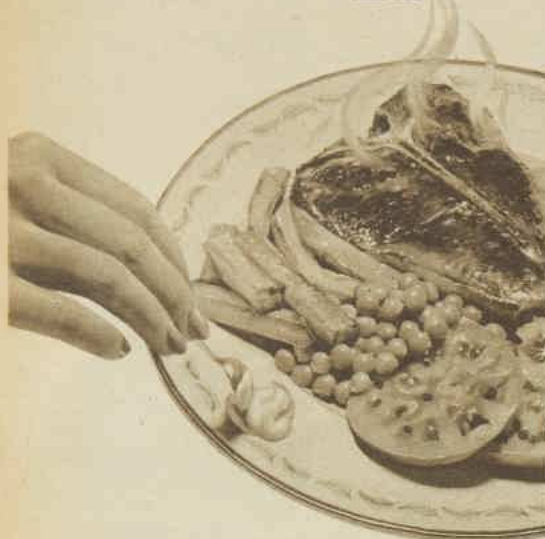


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LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Are they charming at home?

WHEN I was watching television the other day, I couldn't help admiring the charming manners of the announcers. It set me wondering if they are as amiable and pleasant to their own families. This brought me to a definitely personal question. Am I a nicer person at business than when at home with my own folk? Now I've resolved I shall show my family the "charm" I've been reserving for others.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Irene Smyth, Nunawading, Vic.

Never seen a Sydney beach

I AM an old lady now, but I have travelled a lot. I was born in Tasmania and I went to school in Western Australia. I holidayed in Wallaroo and Port Pirie and I got married in Adelaide. We lived in Melbourne and outer suburbs, and also out west in Dareton, Mildura, and in Newcastle for many years. Yet I've only been in Sydney's George Street once and I've never seen a Sydney beach. Is this a record?

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. Bennett, Booragul, N.S.W.

Where's the verandah gone?

I WONDER why designers of modern houses have practically eliminated the verandah. It was a splendid place for children to play in all weathers and for adults to sit and enjoy the fresh air and sunshine, and it was always available when visitors arrived to stay unexpectedly. It also kept the house cool in hot weather.

£1/1/- to "Old-fashioned" (name supplied), Granville, N.S.W.

On hands and knees

IN a smart shop selling magnificent new vacuum-cleaners I saw the daily cleaner on her hands and knees using an old broom and worn dustpan.

£1/1/- to Mrs. V. Kellon, Gladstone, Qld.

Entertain sick children

MY children have been in bed for 10 days with measles, and I've been at my wits' end reading their favorite stories over and over again. Now I've devised a scheme which may help other mothers. I tell myself I'm reading the stories over the air on a children's radio session. It's amazing what imagination can do. I found that I began making the stories really interesting with intelligent reading. The children enjoyed it more, and I had a real game with myself.

£1/1/- to "J.S." (name supplied), South Yarra, Vic.

Treasure trove in chairs

A FEW weeks back I bought an upholstered armchair from an auction room. It was in excellent order but I went over it with the vacuum-cleaner just in case of dust from the auction room. Between the seat and the back I found two good knitting needles, four big safety pins, two handkerchiefs, a cheque book butt, three small rag picture books, a baby's bootie, a tea-strainer, two teaspoons, four pens, several snapshots, a small purse, and 7/6 in silver. Not a bad haul. Mothers of young children should have a feel around their upholstery now and again.

£1/1/- to Miss A. Lee, South Perth, W.A.

Postie's presents

I AGREE with Mrs. Allen that gifts to the postman, dustman, and milkman are unnecessary. In my opinion, gifts should be exchanged only between those nearest and dearest.

£1/1/- to "Miway" (name supplied), Camptoe, N.S.W.

I LIVE in a small country town. I have to walk half a mile to collect my mail. I cart my own rubbish to the local dump, and collect my milk each morning from the shop. I would gladly pay a few shillings each Christmas for the luxuries Mrs. D. Allen enjoys.

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. Howard, Sedan, Vic.

MY husband is a milkman and I would point out that public servants don't expect presents at Christmas, but they are grateful when they do receive them. However, a nice smile, a thank you, and Merry Christmas are appreciated just as much.

£1/1/- to "Milky" (name supplied), Morwell, Vic.

THE pleasure of giving is quite equal to the pleasure of receiving. I have given small presents to my good tradesmen for over 70 years, and I'm none the poorer for doing so.

£1/1/- to "Nearly Ninety-Three" (name supplied), Hobart.

Ross Campbell writes...

ON the beach at the weekend I heard a woman near me talking.

She said: "Sandra got sunburnt right through Dad's T-shirt."

Lying there with my eyes shut, I wondered why Sandra was wearing Dad's T-shirt.

Was she a very big girl or was he a very small dad? Did the shirt flap loosely around her? Was it a poor-quality shirt to let Sandra get sunburnt through it?

I could not answer these questions. But they gave me something to think about, and I was glad of it. Lying in the sun with your mind a blank is supposed to be the smart thing to do, but it can be very monotonous.

That is why I enjoy listening.

Most of the things you hear are said by children or by older, married sort of people.

The romantic youths and girls in between don't talk much. They just listen to transistor radios and laugh or squeal now and then.

Children have plenty to talk about because they are busy with spades, or arguing, or losing things.

A little girl near me on Saturday

THE EAVESDROPPER

yelled in indignation: "I buried Stephen in sand, and he won't bury me!"

Her mother, quite rightly, told Stephen to be a nice boy and bury her.

At times you have the luck to be on the beach near people with something unusual to say.



I heard a man remark to a woman: "My doctor told me that only intelligent people are involved in motor accidents."

It seemed a mistaken theory to me, but this chap agreed with it. I think he must have had an accident himself, and hoped it meant he was intelligent.

Some other beach sayings I have heard are:

"Last night I dreamt I was in a lift that went sideways."

"Don't ever do anything in a joint name."

"There has never been a mark on Norm's face since we were married."

"She cured herself by crawling everywhere on her hands and knees."

For good, steady listening, though, you can't beat a family party—preferably with an auntie included.

While unpacking their numerous baskets they talk on household matters:

"Did you turn off the stew before we left, Alma?"

"Oh, dear, I can't remember!"

When the children are ready to enter the water the utterances take on a warning note: "Don't go too far out, Gary! Don't stay in too long, Christine!"

Later on the elders settle down for a good chat; this is the peak time for listening.

In one session I heard an auntie say: "Deborah wants to be the Red Cross girl at the Zoo," and "Phyl is getting gumboots for her glory-box."

Things like that help to make sunbathing worth while.

A guide to

PLANTING SPRING BULBS

● Now is the time to start planning your spring bulb garden. This 7-page supplement gives advice on choice of bulbs and detailed instructions on planting and care.

FROM mid-February planting to bulb-flowering seems a long time. But those fat bulbs that hold spring colors deep inside are already appearing on nursery shelves, and experienced gardeners know that they must be planted early.

A bulb needs a period of cold during its dormant months if it is to flower well. You can hasten the flowering period by putting bulbs in the refrigerator for a time (this is a favorite trick of florists who need to force them for early bloom), but by far the most satisfactory treatment is to get them into the garden before the first autumn chills arrive.

The bulbs mentioned and illustrated in these pages can be grown in all parts of Australia, though gardeners in far North Queensland probably know already that they'll need very special care.

In Brisbane and even in parts of Sydney tulips and hyacinths can be chancy. The best place to plant them in these cities is on the south side of a house or fence, where they'll be protected from the sun until the flowers are almost open. Otherwise the tender shoots are likely to scorch and wither.

Gardeners in these cities may even prefer to grow their bulbs in large tubs, keep them in the shade till flowering time, and move them when almost in flower.

The first important rule with bulbs is to select them carefully.

Undersized bulbs cannot flower, simply because they're too young. Nothing you can do in the way of culture will help them flower the first season.

Crocus bulbs should be at least $\frac{1}{2}$ inch across — grape hyacinths the same. Ordinary hyacinths should be about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches through.

Most varieties of daffodils and jonquils and snowdrops up to $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches — tulips even larger.

Your nurseryman will help you select bulbs of the right size to flower this year. Decide where you are going to plant your bulbs.

Plant five, ten, or twenty in a bunch, all of the same variety or color. This makes it easier to find them when you want to move them after flowering, and guarantees you a far better spring show. There's always the possibility that one or two will not flower, but you'll never notice in a group.

Plant the smaller ones in groups in front of your shrubs... plant bluebells and jonquils in your lawn, by some trees. (The grass isn't going to grow during the winter, anyway, so you won't have mowing problems. Later you can cut them back and mow as usual.)

Put tall bulbs (like Spanish iris) farther back in the bed where you can stake them later. For detailed instructions on how to plant bulbs, see Planting Chart in this section.

When you've settled the bulbs where you want them, it's a good idea to put a small stake in the middle of the group. Some of them may not be up for three months or more, and it's easy to forget and put a fork right through them.

There's no need to leave the bed empty. The bulbs are deep down, and many small surface-rooting annuals can be planted right on top without harming them at all. Try sweet alicia, violas, or virginian stock, in colors which will contrast with the bulbs you have planted.

Wait for the bulbs to come up themselves and don't disturb them on the way up. You may damage the precious flower shoots, and remember, every bulb is going to produce only one for each season.

When the bulbs have finished flowering, leave them in the ground until the foliage dies away — that's part of the natural ripening process.

Then lift and store them in a cool dark place away from pests to ensure maximum-size flowers for the following year.

If you leave them in the ground the bulbs will multiply, but in doing so some of them will be bound to skip a flowering season.





Guess who
had a Weet-Bix breakfast
this morning?

Three golden-brown Weet-Bix biscuits give young and old a full measure of hearty eating enjoyment. Made with essential Vitamin B₁, enriched with pure malt, Weet-Bix is a wonderfully balanced health food. Just as important, it is — weight for weight — today's top breakfast value!

'Cavalcade of Cars' Album Released! Costs only 6d. at grocers . . . tells you all about 50 new popular cars. Free coloured picture plates for your album in every packet of Weet-Bix and all other Sanitarium breakfast cereals.

WEET-BIX

Australia's most popular
breakfast biscuit



Made better
for 15 years with
**ADDED
VITAMIN!**

W74/61

SCENT AND COLOR



COLORED FREESIAS grow best from seed. All freesias do well on a sloping bank.

● The scent of freesias is among the loveliest of all flowers. Whether cream or colored, they decorate any garden, as do the other small bulbs on this page.

Planting instructions — last page this section.

SPRING BULBS GUIDE, contd.



SNOWDROPS, or *Leucojums*, with their white bells herald the spring. They like a cool corner.

ENGLISH BLUEBELLS, or wood hyacinths (*Scilla nutans*), need regular watering if the season is dry.



SPARAXIS resemble freesias, and can be left undisturbed. Lift them every three years.

LACHENALIAS are popular for borders. They have pretty yellow, red, tricolor flowers.



PLANTING CHART

NAME	PLANT	DEPTH	DISTANCE	CULTIVATION	LIFT	DIVIDE
AMARYLLIS	October-March	6-7in.	12in.	Open, sunny place in good soil	Winter	No
ANEMONES	February-April	1-1½in.	6in.	Well-drained loamy soil	Yearly, December	No
ANOMATHECA	January-April	2in.	6in.	Open, sunny position	December	No
BABIANAS	February-April	3in.	6in.	Open, sunny position	Every 3 years	No
BELLADONNAS	October-March	6-7in.	12in.	Open, sunny place in good soil	Winter	No
CROCUS	February-April	3in.	8in.	Open, sunny position	December	No
DAFFODILS <small>and other narcissi (jonquils, etc.)</small>	February-April	4-6in.	4-6in.	Old manure or bonedust	December	Every three years
FREESIAS	February-April	2in.	6in.	Well-drained, loamy soil	Yearly, December	No
GRAPE HYACINTHS	February-April	1in.	4in.	Well-drained, loamy soil	Yearly, December	Yearly
HYACINTHS	February-April	5-6in.	5-7in.	Need gritty soil	December	Yearly
IRIS <small>(English, Dutch, Spanish)</small>	February-May	4in.	8in.	Open, sunny position	December	No
IXIAS	February-April	2in.	4-6in.	Open, sunny position	December	No
LACHENALIAS	February-April	2in.	6in.	Well-drained, loamy soil	Yearly, December	No
MONTBRETIAS	April-July	4in.	12in.	Open, sunny position	February	Yearly
NERINE	January-April	3in.	6in.	Open, sunny position	December	Yearly
ORNITHOGALUMS	February-June	3in.	6-8in.	Open, sunny position	February	Yearly
RANUNCULI	February-April	2in.	6-8in.	Open, sunny position	December	Yearly if large
SCILLAS <small>(Bluebells)</small>	February-April	3in.	6in.	Well-drained, rich soil in semi-shade	Every three years	No
SNOWFLAKES	February-April	4-6in.	6in.	Rich, moist, in shade	Every three years	After lifting
SPARAXIS	February-April	2in.	4-6in.	Open, sunny position	December	No
TULIPS	February-April	6-7in.	6in.	Rich, limed soil	December	No
WATSONIAS	February-April	3in.	10in.	Open, sunny position	December	Yearly
ZEPHYRANTHES	March-July	3in.	12in.	Open, sunny position	January	Let stand

● NOTE: "NO" in last column means that bulbs are single or do not need breaking up.

"YEARLY" means "if necessary."

OVERLEAF, DAFFODILS

THE LONG AND THE



KING ALFRED (Division 1A). Long trumpet, as long as petals and same shade, lemon to sulphur.



ARMADA (Division 1B). Bicolor trumpet, with perianth white or cream, trumpet lemon or yellow.



ALBATROSS (Division 3). Barri narcissus — small cup variety. Cup is usually bright color.



ST. PATRICK (Div. 5). *Narcissus triandrus* (rare in Australia); hybrids have petals turned back and often more than one flower growing on one stem.

● These pictures illustrate the classification of daffodils into long trumpet, short cup, crown, or eye, and other varieties, according to color and shape of petals, as explained overleaf.

● DAFFODIL CLOSE-UPS BY STIERLING MACBOY, NEUTRAL BAY, N.S.W.



MOUNT HOOD (Division 1C). White trumpet narcissus, white perianth; trumpet occasionally pink.



JOHN EVELYN (Division 2). *Narcissus incomparabilis*, with chalice cup third to half of petals.



HERA (Div. 4). *Leedsii narcissus* — small, frilled cup, white or pale yellow, sometimes pale pink, with the perianth and petals white.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

February 15, 1961

Teenagers'

WEEKLY



THE O'KEEFES

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

LETTERS

Strum a guitar? Never!

I AM a 15-year-old boy and I play lead guitar with a local jazz group on Saturday nights for a bit of extra money. I have, however, one grievance. Whenever I am seen going on stage with the guitar I am always greeted with moronic names such as "Elvis," "Rocker," and other caustic remarks by members of the audience. This, on the whole, tends to amuse me slightly, as it only reflects on the musical, or lack of, intelligence on the part of these hecklers.

The guitar, when taken seriously, is no easy instrument to play. It takes about 10 years to master reasonably well. The idea that it is only for rock-'n-roll is derived from the American rock singers who carry the instrument because it tends to boost the morale.

Australia has some brilliant guitarists to her credit, such as Don Andrews, George Golla, David Bridge, and Bruce Clarke. These boys really know their music and can really play the guitar, not just strum.

Many of my contemporaries are surprised when I tell them my guitar cost over £200 and amazed that there are some guitars that cost nearly £500. I feel that there are many teenagers like myself who have a passionate love for the guitar in all its forms: Jazz, rock, Hawaiian, and traditional Flamenco style.

But back to my original complaint. Why must everybody make such sarcastic remarks about a person because he or she plays a guitar. The guitar itself is much older than the piano by about 2000 years. The pianist never has things said about him, so why a guitarist? — Garry Woodland, Albury, N.S.W.

Weather control

MILLIONS of pounds are spent annually by scientists with their minds on the moon and other planets, but apart from the knowledge that something else has been discovered in outer space little seems to be gained from those discoveries. Wouldn't it be much better if scientists could find a means of regulating the weather so that millions of pounds wasted (through damage) and lives lost during floods and droughts could be saved throughout the world? — Barbara Hoffmann, North Sunshine, Vic.

Open tennis

THE main tennis championships like Wimbledon should now be open for both amateurs and professionals. No longer are the amateur titleholders the best players in the

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

OUR COVER: The proud father in the charming family group on our cover is Australia's king of rock-'n-roll, Johnny O'Keefe.

Johnny and his wife, Marianne, have reason to look proud and pleased — baby Vicky was just a week old when this picture was taken by staff photographer Adelle Hurley. Bouncy John, jun., is now 18 months old and already looks like following in the footsteps of his famous father.

world, and as for the pros once they have turned they are not so keenly watched, as no big titles are at stake. I hope open tournaments come about soon, as I would like to see who is the best player in the world. — J. P. Bennett, Camberwell, Vic.

Road carelessness

A WHILE back we went to the Gold Coast for our holidays. I was astounded when I saw so many young drivers throw caution to the wind just because they were on holidays and away from home. For the few days we were on the Coast I saw more accidents caused through carelessness than I have seen at home, most of them caused by the younger element. One particular example was when a young lad ran into our stationary vehicle because he was looking at girls and did not see us. — Ruth Scott, Brisbane.

Color bar?

SOME weeks ago I read in a newspaper of what I consider unjust treatment of aborigines in hospitals. Why are they treated so badly? I find that this treatment arises not from the over-criticised teenagers but from the middle-aged section of the community. These people are called aborigines, which means "original possessors of the land" — let us treat them as such. — Alice Smart, Brisbane.

Decimals can wait

I JUST about explode every time I hear about this decimal currency. Fancy spending so many millions on decimal currency with the overcrowding in the universities as it is. How can the failure rate be lowered with over 200 students in each class and only one teacher to

BEATNIK



"Suddenly he gets this mad craving to be somebody."

try and teach them? I agree that there should be decimal currency, but surely it can wait. With the population increasing as it is, isn't a higher standard of education more pressing? — Elizabeth Dunnett, Artarmon, N.S.W.

Death sentence

THAT the ignorance of humanity would stoop so low as to condemn a fellow man to death is beyond my comprehension. The law of capital punishment involves human feelings in passing sentence. The person who "presses the button" which will kill a man sentenced to death by a court of law is given a licence to kill in cold blood. There are no

exceptions when the life of a man is at stake. Murder is murder — and capital punishment is murder! — Rosilyn Jones, Cottesloe, Perth.

Nursery rhymes

MANY adults criticise the words of teenage hit songs as being meaningless and stupid. Well, what about those nursery rhymes our kid brothers and sisters know? I would say that the majority of them are utter rubbish. Surely it is even worse for young children to be absorbing such nonsense as these rhymes. I'm sure if your readers think over a few examples you will agree with me. — Jan Hogan, Deniliquin, N.S.W.

They want to stay democratic

DOES Jill Prior want a dictatorship and gradually have the country's political policy merge into Communism? People obviously are interested in the welfare of the country when they write letters to papers and magazines suggesting methods of improvement of various institutions. Even teenagers who write letters to the Teenagers' Weekly are beginning to show an interest in the country and its welfare, so why let a few people who have managed to get themselves to the top have all the say? — "Anti-Commo," W.A.

A COUNTRY cannot be "too democratic"; it is either democratic or some other form of government. History not only reveals some good, but much evil and repression under State leaders with great powers. What single human has the right to dictate, unopposed, what his fellow man is to do. I feel the fault lies not so much with disinterest but with lack of knowledge. As a trainee teacher I think that children should, from a comparatively early age, be instructed in the

● Is Australia too democratic? asked Jill Prior (T.W., 4/1/61), and suggests that we would progress more rapidly if there were less voting by those who are not really interested. Most readers did not agree.

functioning of their government. Thus when it comes their turn to vote they will know why they are voting, and how to do so competently and with understanding in the interests of their country and themselves. — A.C., Mildura, Vic.

IN Jill Prior's pseudo-interest in politics she is, in fact, showing an ignorance and a disinterest in the welfare of Australia more profound than that of any voter. If she cannot appreciate this happy-go-lucky attitude to politics which is so typically Australian she should take my advice and migrate to some prospering State such as U.S.S.R. or Cuba, where almost all the power is in the hands of the leaders and where her political opinions can be appreciated. — Gino Milani, Home Hill, Qld.

MISS PRIOR does not know how lucky she is to be growing up in a democratic country. I did not have that privilege. I am German-born, and being now 38 years of age my teenage years were spent under quite different conditions. At high school (1938-39) and commercial high school later on all our lessons were overshadowed by politics, and you did not dare to have any opinion of your own if it did not correspond with the ideas laid down by Hitler's rule. Jewish classmates vanished overnight and were not mentioned any more. You were told to despise every other country and every foreigner. Nothing could compare with the "master race." Out of school you had to join the youth organisation for more political training and control

of your private life. Of course, a country is able to achieve certain things under such conditions, but the price the people have to pay, deprived of their personal freedom, seems very high to somebody who has experienced it. Australia is not too democratic for me. — A.B., Mount Gambier, S.A.

I WHOLEHEARTEDLY agree with Jill Prior (T.W., 4/1/61). Many people aren't the least bit interested in the elections and only vote because they have to. Consequently, when a government imposes some new tax or increases prices they complain louder than anyone and say that the "people" don't have enough say. If governments had more power to carry out their decisions our country's progress would be much greater. Socrates argued that a government is similar to an army — not everyone in an army votes as to what plans should be followed, therefore why should all citizens be given the right to vote? — P.J.D., Cumberland Park, S.A.

**Individuality . . . Love . . .
 Friendliness . . . Spontaneity . . .
 Sympathy . . . Sincerity . . .
 Intellectual curiosity . . .
 Humor . . . Soul . . . Interests . . .
 Honesty . . . Fun . . . these are
 the things which make up
 your**

Personality

By MARCH WINGATE

● Take any crowd of teenagers and ask them what they'd like to possess most in the world, and they'll answer PERSONALITY. Looks fade, figures change, but personality stays forever, they'll tell you. But it doesn't stay put. You can make it better and better by following this simple recipe.



IF you want to become a fabled creature in your own set, you must look first to your Personality. Take all the nicest ingredients you know of, mix them well, allow them to simmer and then set.

It's rather like the old nursery rhyme — "Sugar and spice and all things nice."

The thing is to get the mixture right. Too much sugar would be cloying, too much spice would spoil the dish, too.

The ingredients you need are listed at the top of the page. Mix them smoothly and stir in a dash of Humility, but again not too much or it will look overdone.

Once we find and express our Personality we have won a passport to success.

You'll find the best description of Personality in the Oxford dictionary: "Identity or distinctive character."

One good trick in sorting out your own Personality is to fire some rapid questions at yourself:

"Who am I?" you ask yourself. Answer quickly in three short, descriptive sentences.

"I'm a schoolgirl. Tall, dark, laughing. Good eyes, straight hair."

Immediately we see a picture of a personality, not just a cold grey statue. The girl may not be beautiful, we don't know that much, but she's ALIVE.

So different from "Mary Jones, mousy, timid, dumpy."

It's obvious that the laughing girl (who already sounds vivid even without a name) is going to attract all the

good things of life effortlessly, while poor Mary will have to carry the bricks.

"Sunny, dependable, home-loving" makes an interesting picture of a boy or girl who could be very good company. He may not set the harbor on fire, but he sounds real, he has a special personality, not a shadowy vagueness.

All of us are really like coins—with two sides. One side shows the private, interior person, where imagination, individuality, and intelligence dwell.

The other side is the one that flips up most often in public — rather more conventional and moulded to suit public opinion.

It's the subtle blending and mixing of the characters on each side of the coin which makes one person different from another, that gives Personality.

And this is where Humility is added to the recipe. Just a dash of it so that we don't let our individuality run wild and rampant, overbearing and demanding.

I read somewhere: "Though we develop our individuality to its highest potential, we must always respect others and be humble enough to realise that as human beings we are all subject to error and greed."

"There is much we do not know—and in the vast cosmos of creation we are all minor and equal . . . and all of us on earth are related."

Rather a weighty thought, but it seems to make sense.

And you do find, all over the place, people who have let their Personalities run amuck.

At the supermarket you're served one day by the girl who hurls your goods

down the counter till the rice bursts open and the butter is dented.

Next day you're served by the lass who handles your goods with care.

You don't know their names, so you call them The Savage One and The Nice One. Quite unknown to themselves, they've earned themselves personalities. One has earned a poor one, the other a good one.

If only they knew it, they've earned reputations in miniature. The first girl has to live hers down if she's going to be a success. The second girl has a head start on her.

Let's analyse the ingredients of Personality:

INDIVIDUALITY is your personal right to be a little bit different from others. It makes you like art, be afraid of spiders, sneeze when the wattle blooms, collect stamps, enjoy the smell of freshly laundered towels . . .

LOVE does not mean romantic boy-and-girl love, but love for everyone and everything as parts of life, and a continuing appreciation of the wonders of life, big or small.

FRIENDLINESS means you can accept people as they are without wanting to change them. You can reveal your troubles and accept help, and you can give help. You don't shut the world out of your private life.

SPONTANEITY is really just telling the truth—except when the truth might hurt. You say "Okay, so we had a fight. Let's forget it."

SYMPATHY is what makes you bind up a bird's broken wing and soothe a child's fears. It's what makes

you understand the frustration in your father's eyes when he can't give you all the things you ask for. And if you have to reject a person, sympathy makes you do it as gently as possible.

SINCERITY gives your personality the likeable quality. Insincerity is picked up like radar, so avoid being phony.

INTELLECTUAL CURIOSITY is being interested in everything, especially the things others want to tell you about. Being a good listener is part of it, and this entails not being a bore yourself.

HUMOR is getting an affectionate laugh out of life but not at another's expense.

SOUL is faith and faithful endeavor to your fellow men. It's the light in the centre of the jewel of Personality.

INTERESTS give you the ability to combat loneliness. If the world has gone wrong you can sink yourself into your hobbies and interests until you feel better.

HONESTY causes you to say "I THINK I love you, John, but I'm not sure yet." In the words of Shakespeare, "To thine own self be true and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."

FUN. Well, now, that speaks for itself. Everything should be fun at this age, and if there's no fun to be found then a good health check-up is called for.

Goodniks, badniks, beatutiks alike will find a shining new PERSONALITY if they follow this recipe. They'll amaze everyone, including themselves.

LISTEN HERE

● Little Miss Brenda Lee is the biggest news in the record business, but she was nearly overlooked by her fervent fans during her tour of Australia.

THEY just hadn't realised that this 16-year-old sensation is a tiny 4ft. 11in.

But if the pale (almost pasty), lipstickless Miss Lee is a pocket-size package, her voice comes in the giant-size bracket.

And so do her personality and poise.

She didn't bat an eyelid when asked about the recent French newspaper story suggesting she is a 31-year-old midget.

"I'm not 31," she said with a smile. "I'm just a short, 16-year-old girl."

And just like every other 16-year-old girl Brenda is clothes-conscious.

"I like casual or semi-formal clothes best — skirts and blouses, that sort of thing."

"This outfit I'm wearing doesn't do much for you, but it sure is comfortable."

New TV show

Brenda was wearing a polished cotton skirt and matching sleeveless overblouse, with two gold keys hanging from the tie belt. The pink, mauve, and blue stripes looked cool, too.

"My, this heat," murmured Brenda, "it sure is warm. We've come straight from a five days' tour in Canada—all that snow."

"Swimming? Sure I can swim but I don't know if I'll have time to do any in Aus-

tralia. But I've got a four-week engagement in the summer in Blackpool, England, so I guess I'll have plenty of time for swimming then."

Back in the States, Brenda is in the midst of rehearsals for her next television show, "The Tennessee Ernie Ford Show."

Then she'll spend a few weeks with her family in Nashville, Tennessee. Brenda has an older sister, Linda, a younger, Robyn, and a brother, Randall, 11.

"He's a real boy," she said. "Just interested in baseball and stuff. He's not a bit impressed with me."

But that doesn't seem to bother little Miss Lee one little bit.

And why should it, with fans practically queuing to buy her records, a movie contract looming in the near future, and her 17th birthday still 11 months away?

"Man, this heat," wailed Bobby Rydell, as he arrived.

Poor Bobby last toured Australia in May, and expected the same cool autumn weather. He soon looked mighty hot in his white wool shirt, red velvet waistcoat, and a navy wool jacket.

However, even in the heat his carefully combed hair never looked mussed and he mopped his face carefully—without disturbing any of his TV makeup.

"I'm just a little taller and a little thinner than when I was here before," he said, hap-

pily chewing gum as he talked. "So much work to do I haven't got time to get fat."

"I'll be appearing at the New York nightclub Copacabana when I go back—this'll be my first nightclub appearance."

"I've signed a seven-year movie contract, too—hope to start shooting in July or August. With Kim Novak. Some movie, huh?"

"Some time what I really would like is my own TV show. Some time."

He broke off to hold a smile for a camera, then went on to talk about his South Philadelphia home.

Famous neighbors

"You know, all in a few blocks of where I live there were Fabian (he's moved now), Mario Lanza, Eddie Fisher, Frankie Avalon, Chubby Checkers, and Jimmy Darren."

"By the way, saw Bobby Darin just before I flew out here. He and Sandra were the biggest surprise of the year. Was it quick . . .!"

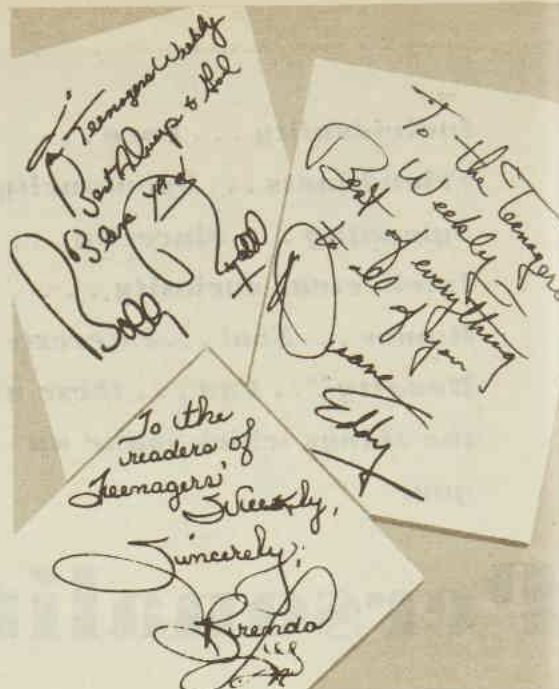
Twangy guitarist Duane Eddy was feeling the heat, too—although he struck a more sombre note than Bobby by wearing a black double-breasted suit, black shoes, and black tie.

Since his previous trip to Australia, Duane has toured England and South America. Next?

"I'm not sure," was the reply.

However, Duane did tell me that his next record will be a collection of songs—all with names of girls as the song titles.

Then he really brightened up when someone got him an orange drink—"Bless you," he said, and went back to his silence.



SPECIALLY FOR YOU—here are the autographs of Brenda Lee, Bobby Rydell and Duane Eddy. Cut them out and stick them in your autograph book.

Jazz: Cheer up, all you jazz fans who missed the international jazz festival held in Australia last year.

A.B.C. producer Joe Cramey recorded all the sessions of the festival, and from these hours and hours of tape have come 12 half-hour programmes compered by jazz expert Eric Child.

The programmes are being broadcast on Fridays at 7.30 p.m. from 2FC, 2NA, 3AR, 4QG, 7ZL, and country regionals, and at 7 p.m. from 5CL and regionals.

February 10 session will include Jonah Jones and his group, Gene McDaniels, Dakota Staton, and Mike Nock's Three Out.

February 17 you'll hear Al Hibbler, Dizzy Gillespie, Sarah Vaughan, the Teddy Wilson Trio, and the Bryce Rohde Quartet.

PINUPS: OUR PIN-UPS this week are the Allen Brothers—18-year-old Peter (on the left on page 12) and Chris, 17. They've been singing together for about 20 months, and their relaxed combination is getting them a big following.

Their next release is a slow ballad, "Ever Since," with "Too Much" on the flip side. They're also attracting quite a bit of attention as composers, too—have you heard Patsy Ann Noble singing "Busy Lips"? — they wrote it for her.

Their big break came when they were appearing at a big Queensland hotel and Brian Henderson signed them to appear on his TV show "Bandstand." Since then they've never looked back.

I can't possibly go to the party, Janette. I'm such a dead loss at this time of the month!

It's a shame to miss the party, Pat. Try a **Femerital**—They do wonders for me!

THINKS: I usually feel so awful—but I feel so bright tonight! No depression, no pain—It's amazing.

56
At all chemists

FEMERITAL
WYDA COMPANY LIMITED, WYDAURON



SINGING STARS

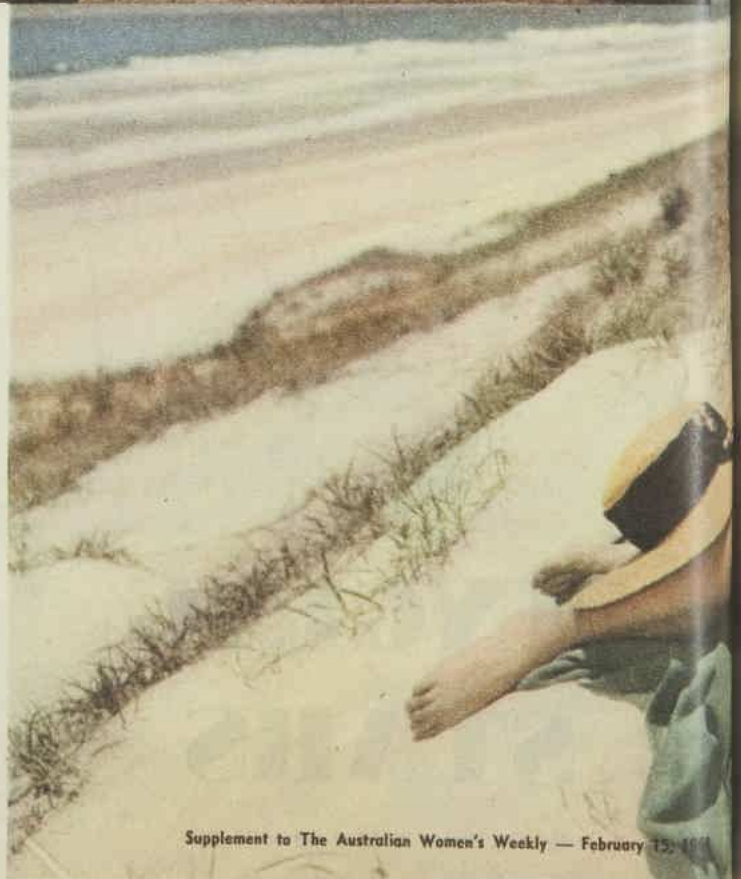
SMILES ALL ROUND from American singers (at back) Chubby Checker and Oliver Cool and (in front) Bobby Rydell and Brenda Lee, during their recent tour of Australia with guitarist Duane Eddy. Chubby began America's latest dance craze with his recording of "The Twist". Oliver Cool is an Italian-American who changed his unpronounceable Italian name to Larry Ellis when he left school—and has now changed it to Oliver Cool after his best-selling record of that name. Interviews with Bobby Rydell and Brenda Lee appear opposite.

GLAMOR GIRLS ON T



SHOPPING in Surfers' Paradise, Lorraine Conolly tops her shell patterned slacks with a sunflower-yellow shirt, and Adrienne Berry wears silk sissy shirt and matching bermudas she designed herself.

Page 6 — Teenagers' Weekly



Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — February 15, 1961

FAMILY COMIC

Sandra

After the job at the haunted mill, SANDRA returns to London, where her boss, Major Scott, offers her a trip to Paris. The head of an exclusive fashion house wants to borrow an English model. When Sandra tells the other girls dark model Iris is green with jealousy. NOW READ ON...

By BILL SAWYER



RIVETS



Jacky's Diary

By JACKY MENDELSON
age 33 1/2

TODAY I'M MAD ON MY PARENTS
ON A COUNT OF LAST NIGHT
THEY HAD A PARTY &
DIDN'T INVITE ME!



I COULD TELL THERE
WAS COMPANY CAUSE
MOMMY WAS LAFFING
AT DADDY'S JOKES.



THE PEEPLE WHO CAME WERE REAL NICE.
THEY ALL PUT THEIR CLOTHES ON MY BED
IN CASE I GOT COLD.



P.S. I
got HOT!

Wow did they make a LOTTA NOISE! IN THE MID-
dle OF THE PARTY THEY STARTED IN BLOWING ON
HORNS & BANGING ON A BUNCH OF POTS & PANS!



I THINK DADDY
MUST OF LOST
HIS I-GLASSES,
ON A COUNT
OF HE HAD
ON MOMMY'S
HAT, AND
ALSO HE WAS
DANCING
WITH A CHAIR!



GOOD NIGHT,
GOOD NIGHT,
GOOD NIGHT,
GOOD NIGHT.



FINELY AFTER IT WAS REAL LATE EVERY
BODY SAID GOOD NIGHT & WENT HOME.

THIS MORNING DADDY DON'T FEEL SO GOOD CAUSE
HE GOT BARFLIES IN HIS STUMMIK.
SO MOMMY
SAYS I
MUSTN'T
DISTERB
HIM.



1-1

THAT'S WHY I'M ONLY GONNA
PLAY MY DRUM WITH ONE STICK.
THAT WAY IT'LL ONLY MAKE 1/2 AS
MUCH NOISE.



TIZZY

by Kate O



"There goes Rodney with Gertrude. He's
in a 'hard-to-get' experim

SIDE GLANCES

by Galbraith



"I'll see if my sister's here. Is
this You-Know-Who or The Other
One?"

"Just a S

Man in Apron by

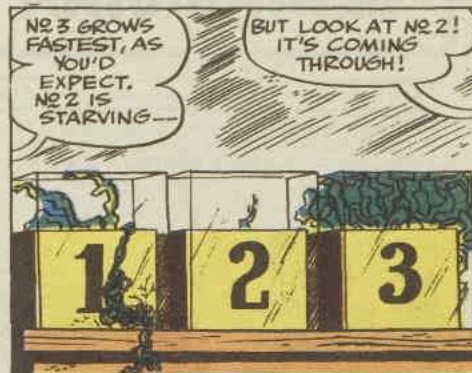
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CHRIS WELKIN PLANETEER

By Russ Winterbotham

● Chris Welkin and his companions, Dr. Bafz, lunar agronomist, and Mello, the girl from Venus, are trapped in the laboratory building on the moon by the Venus creeping carrot, which never stops growing and attacking. NOW READ ON . . .



... THERE AREN'T ENOUGH CHEMICALS TO TAKE CARE OF THE WILD GROWTH OUTSIDE! WE HAVE TO DO SOMETHING QUICKLY!

CONTINUED

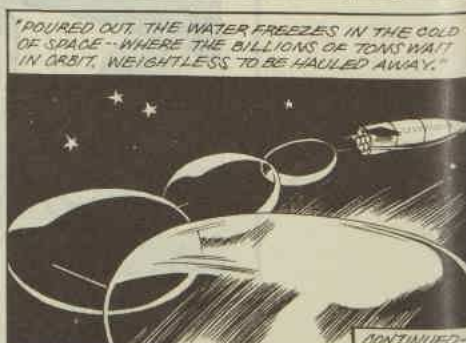
TEENA[®] *by Lilla Terry*



MANDRAKE the MAGICIAN



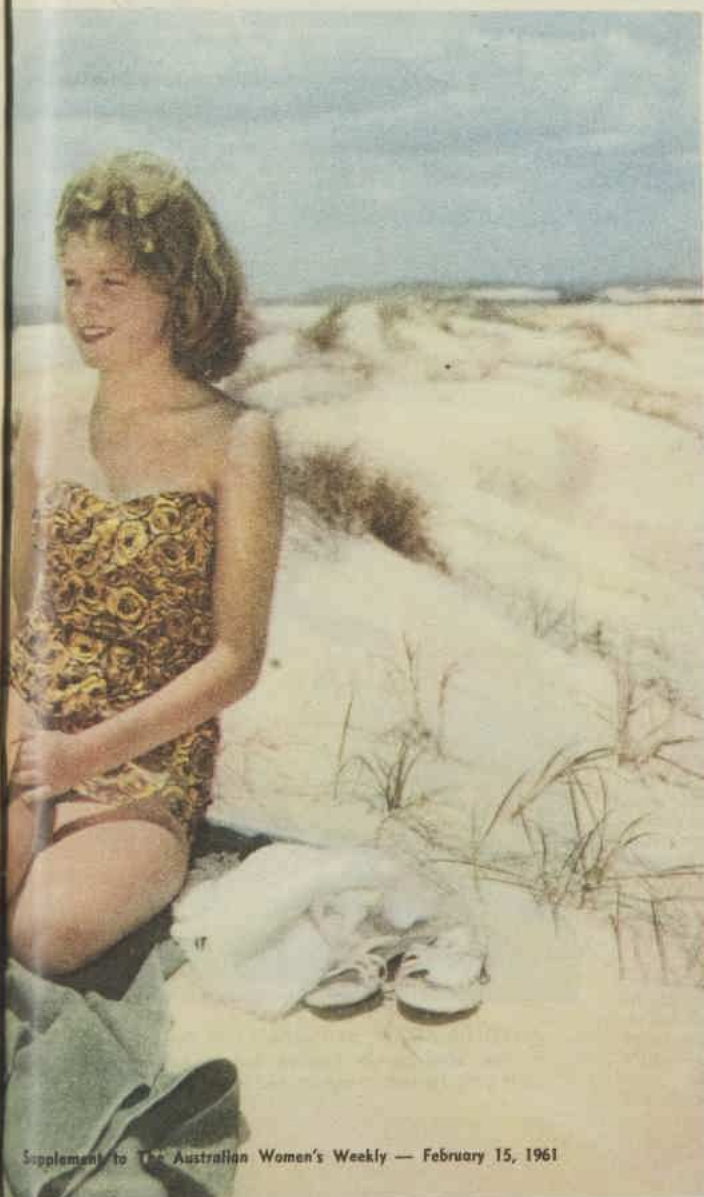
● MANDRAKE, Master Magician, on board the great water ship in outer space, is interviewed by the crew — water merchants who supply water to dry planets of the universe and raid wet planets to get their supplies. NOW READ ON . . .



THE GOLD COAST

● *Queensland's Gold Coast is the most famous stretch of sand in Australia. Here the sun shines longer, the sea is warmer, life is slow-paced and relaxed. On these pages are the gay, casual clothes Queensland girls wear for their free and easy life in the sun—cool, colorful fashions to match the brilliance of sun, sand, surf, and sky.*

SEA VIEW from Greenmount Hill, Coolangatta, is the background for Marie Price (left) and Robyn Gilltrap, both wearing pretty blouses and skirts. The car is "Genevieve," of film fame, and is now owned by Robyn's father, Mr. G. E. Gilltrap, of Kirra, who has had it repainted.



SUN-SUIT patterned with flowers was made by pretty Nicki Duveck in a matter of minutes. She wears it with or without a belt. Photographs by Bob Anthony, of Murwillumbah, N.S.W.



SUNTANNED Merry! Sladen (at left) wearing her favorite swimsuit on the sandhills at Surfers' Paradise and (at right) in a cool-as-a-breeze romper suit on a boat trip up the Nerang River.

Bubble Bath Bliss

By KERRY YATES

● "Oh, what a bore," I thought as I threw down my white mink bathrobe on to the carpeted bathroom floor, watching it fall on the huge rose embedded in the middle of the fine white carpet.



THE frothy foam bubbled merrily in my pink heart-shaped bath with its pink satin head-rest.

I stepped into the "V" of the heart-bath—I always sat this end because it was much easier to reach the servant cord when I required a few more hundred bubbles in my bath.

As I settled sleepily in the silky suds, I watched my ever-faithful Fifi, a tiny French poodle, trot over to me to have his diamond-studded collar removed, and then in he hopped to his matching miniature heart-shaped bath with his special doggy-formulated bubble bath. "What a dear," I sighed, "the only male I can depend on and the only male not after my money."

"Oh," I thought as I wiggled my toes one hated to be told that I was positively the most beautiful living creature on the earth. I simply detested the idea that so many men were so madly in love with me and would give anything to be blown a bubble from my world-famous bubble bath.

"The gorgeous Gigi de Francois thanks Brown's Bubble Bath for her beauty," the commercials read. "She takes a Brown's Bubble Bath every day at noon," they went on, "and knows that she will be turned into an ugly duckling the day she stops using the world-famous Brown's Bubble Bath."

My white telephone purred gently. I limply picked it up from the fern-clustered stand.

It was Lisa, my personal maid: "Oh, Lisa, not another admirer. Speak up, girl, I can't hear you from the drying chamber. Monsieur de Valenti, France's multi-millionaire? Oh dear, I suppose I must. Bonjour," I said wearily.

"Delighted to hear from you, I'm sure. Me, the most beautiful creature on the earth? Oh, really, you do say the nicest things. Silly man, of course I couldn't accept your brand-new royal yacht as a remembrance of the day we met. Why, we didn't even speak! You're offended? Silly man. Good day!" I said angrily, glad for the chance to end the call of such a bore of a millionaire.

"Oh," I thought as I wiggled my toes one after the other (my exercise for the day), "how horrible it is to be famous, everyone and everything mad over you . . . I've had it. I don't care if I turn into an ugly duckling . . . I'm sick of being beautiful . . . I never want another bubble bath."

Out of my famous bath I jumped, the last bubble bath of my life.

I ran towards the open glass door . . . Ooh, I cried as I felt a hard bump on my head, and when I opened my eyes I peered into the slightly tarnished mirror in front of me and there stood a 15-year-old I recognised as Little Miss Me.

I was standing in the tiny bathroom of an old-fashioned Bondi flat looking at my new Christmas present flowing over the cold, tiled bathroom floor—the remains of a 4/6 bottle of bubble bath.

Finland—for art's sake

● Sydney's Antonia Shaw is breaking new artistic ground. Not for her the garret in Paris—she's trekking off to a job in a factory in Finland, and hopes to sign on as a member of the staff some time in August.

JUST what she's going to be doing at the spectacularly modern "Arabia" ceramics and glassware factory in Helsinki, Antonia isn't quite sure.

"I'll just have to wait till I get there," she said, calmly confident that her maturity at 22 and her diploma in design from East Sydney Technical College will carry her through.

"I believe the artists—they're mostly women—have a free hand in creative work," she said. "I mean I could probably do anything from sculpture to painting cups."

Antonia has wanted to study and work in Finland for a long time, because there the design for modern living is artistic and inspired.

Through the Finnish Legation in Sydney, she applied for a scholarship to any Finnish art school. There was no

scholarship she could possibly get, she discovered.

The Legation, however, pulled a few strings to get her admitted as a fully fledged staff member of "Arabia," the largest, and only, pottery factory in Finland.

She'll be on the designing staff, drawing an approximate weekly wage of £A20.

For the Legation to go to so much trouble, Antonia must have something besides her nice smile and pleasing serenity. She has. Her all-round artistic record in Sydney is impressive.

As a full-time Tech. student she shone at silk-screen designing and printing, pottery, weaving and spinning, and mosaic work. She exhibited two mosaic tables and a wall plaque at the school's graduation exhibition of design. The wall plaque was snapped up by a leading architect, and went to hang in his luxury flat.

It was admired by the man responsible for the building of Sydney's newest, biggest hotel. And Antonia suddenly found

herself with a commission for ten mosaic plaques for the deluxe dining-room, and an 11ft. long, 4ft. 6in. high mosaic mural for the ballroom.

To get the mosaics finished in time for the hotel's opening took a lot of time and effort—but it was worth it. For the six months' work Antonia earned £800.

Antonia, much to her own surprise, has made money out of her paintings, too. The first watercolor she ever did, when she was 19, won the 30-guineas first prize in the Hunter's Hill, Sydney, annual art exhibition.

In fixing the price of the painting, she sadly misjudged her talent. She sold it for a fiver, just before the exhibition opened.

She's surer of her painting now, and her future. If she doesn't take to the work in Finland she's got an alternative in Sydney. "I've got quite a few commissions for more mosaic work in hotels when I get back," she said.



ANTONIA SHAW, of Hunter's Hill, Sydney, who is now studying in London before joining the staff of a Finnish ceramics and glassware factory.

3 WAYS TO CHARM A BOY

How does he like you to look?

● *Demure, cute, or feminine — check your boyfriend's fashion preference. His answer may put you on the track of a new fashion personality.*

— Candy Hardy.



The fashion (above) is for the boy who likes a demure look in dressing. The dress, it's a one-piece, is bow-tied at the waistline and has a white ruffle double trim in cotton embroidery.

Win hearts in check gingham (right). The dress is planned for party nights, has a double skirt and a bodice prettied up with white. For the boy who likes you, and his fashions, cute.



Romantic and pretty dress (above) in flowery sheer, for the boy who likes feminine girls —and fashion. The design is a front-buttoned shirtwaister with a sleeveless bodice.



She's no dumb-belle

By Carolyn Earle

● Putting curves on a too-thin figure is fun if you do it the beauty-bell way like 17-year-old

Pauletta Adams, of Hollywood, who is pictured below.



PAULETTA ADAMS exchanged an angular silhouette for this smooth figure when she took up beauty-bell exercises.

BRIGHT-AS-A-PENNY Pauletta is blond, cute, and has a figure that any girl would be proud to have. She's a successful teenage model in and around Hollywood, and much sought after by photographers from all over the place.

Sounds pretty terrific, doesn't it? It wasn't all easy going, though. At one stage Pauletta had a figure problem — one that is common to thousands of teenage girls. She was too thin, even for modelling, and needed more weight on bust, hips, and legs.

To fill out her lean frame and streamline the rest of her figure, Pauletta began a course of exercises using beauty-bells. Beauty-bells (they used to be called dumbbells) are all the rage in Hollywood again and are widely used by film stars to develop their figures.

To get an idea what her ideal weight should be, the young model checked with a good standard weight and height chart. Then she visited her doctor for an "all clear" signal on her curve-making programme.

This was wise because the right kind of exercise is a better weight normaliser and shape improver than most thin people will believe.

Ten minutes a day is enough with the beauty-bells at first; the maximum is 20 minutes daily.

In the pictures below, Pauletta demonstrates the two main exercises. Sitting cross-legged, she holds aloft two small beauty-bells weighing about 2½ lb. each. The weights are slowly raised and lowered — up, out, down slowly — to develop a pretty bustline.

Heavier bells, weighing about 5 lb., fastened to the feet, are used to shape up the legs and thighs by putting pull and stretch on the muscles.

The result for Pauletta is most effective, to say the least. The picture at left, taken after these exercises had added two inches to her bustline and one inch to her thighs and legs, shows the degree of effectiveness.

Incidentally, this is the form that has won three bathing-beauty contests for little Miss Adams so far. No wonder she's a confirmed beauty-bell fan now.



WEIGHTS are strapped to Pauletta's feet (left) to give muscle-building pull as she exercises. Right: Grasping weights firmly in each hand for the chest exercises.

HAVING A WAIL OF A TIME!

● Ever notice that even when a girl runs out of words her conversation often goes more swimmingly than ever?

I USE the word "swimmingly" deliberately — because she simply turns on the water-works and really has a bawl!

Yes, crocodile tear-crying is one of the most annoying bits of nonsense (perhaps I should say hanky-panky!) girls get up to.

So, talking of dears with tears, here's why I've had it when the eyes have had it!

I'd like a bob for every time a girl has turned defeat, in a battle of words with a bloke, into victory by bursting into boo-hoos.

What argument is there against a sniffling sort? All a boy can beat then is a hasty retreat!

Then, of course, one of the most infuriating Princess of Wails is the girl who hasn't the decency to even turn on the tears after she's used threatened weeping as a weapon.

She just trembles her lip so much she makes her point — and then breaks into smiles when the boy has backed down. This is known as giving lip service.

But it's really a disservice because, after all his trouble, the bloke doesn't even have the satisfaction of knowing that the girl ruined a coat of face paint.

Girls' sniffling during "sad" films makes boys really reel, too. A lot of water has flown under the Bridge (Over the River Kwai) and hundreds of other moving shows.

With good entertainment this is, in a way, probably excusable. But then lasses also weep as they peep at mushy shows that are "moving" only in the sense that they move male members of the audience — out of the theatre!

Why does this happen? Maybe the girls just get soap (opera) in their eyes. Or, perhaps, they are trying to prove that as critics they're worth their salt (water)!

Another of the silly sidelights to the cuties' crying craze is the fact that their hankies are for show and not for blow.

They wouldn't soak up a snail's sobs — yet men's handkerchiefs, even though blokes don't bawl, are big enough to mop up old Noah's flood.

Hence the expression, no doubt, "There's more to a boy's hankie than meets the (girl's) eye"!

Well, I've had my cry, baby. But don't you moppets who mop it get into a tearful tizzy about my boo-hoot-iful prose.

I want you to take my advice and sleep — not weep — on it, for I'm only suggesting that girls who cry just for the heck of it should have their heads red — not their eyes!

— Robin Adair

**Louise
Hunter**

Here's

your answer

But which one?

"I AM 17 years old and I am considered attractive. Recently, while I was on holidays at a seaside resort, I met a nice young man. I went out with him a few times, and I invited him to come and meet my parents some time. However, he was so long in coming that I fell in love with a boy who lives near me. I invited him to tea last week, and my friend from the seaside resort turned up also to meet my parents. I left the two boys alone in the parlor while I helped mother prepare tea. When I came back, a heated argument over me was taking place between them. Now neither of the two boys will speak to me. I know I love one of them, but I don't know which one. What can I do?"

K.C., N.S.W.

You can't do anything, it's up to the boys, one or both, to decide whether or not they want to see you again.

I don't think you love either of them, but I'll bet I know which one you think you love—the one who doesn't get in touch with you. It's sure to be him, just because he doesn't.

Refused a kiss

"I AM a girl of 18 years. I have known a boy in the Police Force about two months. Recently he asked me to go out, and I said I would. I saw him down our street one night, and he said if I had nothing to do to come round and talk, so I did. Just before I left he tried to kiss me good-night and I refused; he didn't seem to mind my refusing him. I am not in love with him, but he has the things I would like in a boy, he doesn't drink or smoke. Do you think I should go out with him after he tried to kiss me? Also, could you tell me, too, how to find out his age?"

"Mixed Up," Vic.

Of course you should go out with

him, and I should think you'd look forward to it more since he has tried to kiss you. Wouldn't you wonder why he didn't, if he didn't? He's a man and you're a girl of 18. He has signified that he likes you romantically by asking you out. What do you expect?

There's only one way to find out how old he is, ask him.

Too young to love

"THERE is a boy I like. He is 15 and will be 16 in four months, and I am 12 and will be 13 next month. He doesn't know it, but I am very fond of him. Whenever I see him all I want to do is be happy, he makes me feel like that. I couldn't be miserable even if I tried. I sometimes think I love him. At the moment he is helping Mum and me paint our house. He cleans my brush, moves the ladder, and sometimes we unconsciously talk or hint of our troubles while we paint. Also one day when I was going to the shop he whistled at me, not a doll whistle, just a sort of a "Hi!" whistle. I talked to him, and when I left he said, 'See you later,' and smiled the lovely smile he has and his eyes shone so. He has lovely brown eyes, so calm and peaceful yet happy and full of life. He is a good-looking boy and is very strong. I'll bet all the girls like him. I cannot help the way I feel for him. There is another boy, too, about 18. I don't think I love him. He is just a boy I like a lot and whom I'll never forget. One day Mum told me that Romeo was about 15 or so and Juliet was 13. Is this true? If it is, it might make things easier. But it is the first boy I love. Could you tell me if I should keep my feelings to myself or hint to him. Or should I wait a while?"

S.S.S., S.A.

You must wait a while, and neither hint nor show your feelings for this boy. Your mother is quite right about Romeo and Juliet. They were very young, but they were also dreadfully

unhappy, and ended up dead because of love when they were still the same age as you and your boy-friend are now. And, too, they lived long, long ago when everyone had different standards.

Today, society frowns on girls of nearly 13 who have boy-friends. There is nothing to stop a girl thinking of love and swooning over someone inside herself, but love at 12 should be a strictly private emotion that only you know about or perhaps your best girl-friend. Actually it's much better to keep it to yourself, but part of being nearly 13 is confiding in your best friend, and you sound as if you are a confiding type. How lucky you are to have an understanding mother to confide in, too.

What you should do now is just be nearly 13, acting as you are, helping with the painting, going to school doing your lessons, being happy, and only thinking about boys.

Boys her trouble

"MY trouble is boy trouble. I am almost 18, and, because I am in my final year at high school, do not have much time for social life. I used to be very shy with boys, but have improved considerably in the past year. I do not fall for many boys, but when I do, one of my faster friends chases him until I am not in the race. Now my flirt of a younger sister is writing to an 18-year-old boy whom I had not seen for some time, but whom I liked when I saw him recently. Only two boys have wanted to go with me. One shifted to another State a couple of years ago, and I can't stand the other. My mother says I should not be thinking about having a boy-friend until after I have finished my university course, but that is not for four or five years. What do you think I should do?"

"Loser," N.S.W.

Thinking about a boy-friend is the most natural thing for a girl to do, and generally she seems to start it when she's about 10. I think just thinking about boys is best until you're round 15, when occasional outings with boys and other friends to parties and school socials and such things begin.

But from 16 onwards I think girls should add to their thinking about boys by going out with them when they're asked. It's a natural development of any growing person, and adds to their poise and ability to deal with social situations. No girl should miss it.

I feel you must have misunderstood your mother. I think she means that you mustn't let boy-friends or thinking about them come between you and the work of a university course. I am sure you wouldn't let that happen, but boys certainly do go with the social side of a university course.

Too serious

"I AM just 15 and am very fond of a girl about my own age. We have known each other since the earliest of times, having originally been at the same school, and we now go to the same church and Fellowship. Although I realise you will probably say I am too young to be fairly serious with a girl, I do not feel that way about it. We are almost too friendly with one another, yet there has never been a serious note. She has been going to a co-educational school for the past three years, and as a result, it seems, she just treats most boys as she does other girls. That is exactly the position that I feel I am in, and, in fact, she may treat many other boys the same way. What I want is just a little more assurance

A WORD FROM DEBBIE



HOW are your public manners? If you're wondering what they are, they are simply the everyday pleasantries that make the world a nicer place to live in.

You get full marks for yours if you:

- Hold the door open a moment longer to help the person behind you.
- Step back with a smile so that elderly people may precede you into the bus or lift.
- Ask permission before you smoke in anyone's house or if sharing a table in a restaurant.
- Are not rude to shop assistants. Take your complaints to the manager, don't take them out on the staff.
- Are courteous on the telephone, especially when strangers ring at the office with an off-beat request.
- Never flick your ash on the floor or stub your cigarette against a chair or table.
- Don't drop in on people unannounced. The telephone is for the convenience of others, and it will give your friends time to bake a cake.
- Always write and thank your hostess for her hospitality after a party.

that I am different to other boys in her eyes. Should I be content, or what should I do?"

"Dissatisfied," N.S.W.

You should be content and wait round for some years yet before you start seeking assurances.

You are quite right, I do think you are far too serious for your age. A boy of 15 has many years of hard work ahead of him before he is in a position to ask or demand anything of a girl. You've still got exams to pass, and a job to find, and a salary to earn; these should be the things that occupy your thoughts now, although it is understandable for you to hope that you have a special place in this girl's affections.

Many of the happiest marriages are made between childhood friends, but the possessiveness you are beginning to develop doesn't augur well for happiness ahead.

Try to channel your thoughts to your work and exams, and don't try to get assurances and promises from this girl. She's too young, you're too young.

Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Love letter



"I HAVE known a boy for several years and he has been just a friend. Lately I received a love letter from him and he sounds very serious. As I do not love him and am too young to even think about love, what could I do to discourage him?"

"Mixed Up," N.S.W.

Write him a letter and tell him just what you've told me. Something like: "Thank you for your very nice letter, although it made me unhappy because I do not feel the same way about you. I am only very young and am not interested in love yet. I like boys only as friends. Please do not write to me again."



THE ALLEN BROTHERS
— Peter (left) and Chris

Page 12 Teenagers' Weekly

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — February 15, 1961

SHORT OF DAFFODILS



JONQUILLA (Division 7). True jonquils, *N. odorus rugulosus*, all yellow, with long, slim reed-like leaves.



LAURENS KOSTER — *Tazetta* (Division 8). Includes group known as *Poetas narcissus*, which covers all bulbs known as jonquils.



EDWINA — true *Poet's narcissus* (Division 9). Often called *pheasant's eyes*. Crown red or orange.



MARY COPELAND (Division 10). Double cup has lemon, gold, or orange centre, and the petals are cream or white.



HOOP PETTICOATS—*N. bulbicodium*, nearly all trumpet, belongs to Division 11, which covers all wild species not included in other divisions.

SPRING BULBS GUIDE, continued

FEBRUARY GOLD (Division 6). *Narcissus cyclamineus* and hybrids — long, tube-like yellow trumpet, paler reflexed petals. Flowers grow on stem in clusters of two or three.

Eleven different groups

● The variety of shape and color of daffodils is the result of thousands of years of experiment and cultivation.

THE original wild forms were natives of North Africa, Asia Minor, and Europe. Daffodils are probably the oldest flower in continuous cultivation.

By careful choice of varieties you can enjoy a procession of blooms for at least eight weeks in spring — longer if you force some in pots for winter color indoors.

Follow planting directions in this section, and also remember to plant daffodils where they will get morning sun and late afternoon protection. Daffodils (except a few miniature alpine varieties) prefer a light, deep soil with sand. They do not need, and do not like, manure.

Types of daffodils have been classified by the English Royal Horticultural Society into 11 divisions as listed below.

This classification is worked out on the color and shape of:

1. The trumpet.

2. The perianth, or halo of six petals surrounding the trumpet.

When the trumpet is at least as long as the petals it is called "trumpet"; when short, it is called "cup"; when very short, "crown"; and when absolutely flat, "eye."

Varities bearing more than one bloom to a stem are called bunch-flowered.

DIVISION 1:

Trumpet Daffodils — trumpets as long or longer than the perianth. Subdivided into groups A, B, C, D.

1A. Yellow Trumpet Narcissus. Trumpet lemon or sulphur yellow, perianth the same shade or lighter, but not white.

1B. Bicolor Trumpets. Perianth white or cream, trumpet colored lemon or yellow.

1C. White Trumpet Narcissus. Both trumpet and perianth white, or occasionally white perianth with trumpet pale pink or apricot.

1D. Reverse Bicolors. Perianth colored, trumpet white or cream.

DIVISION 2:

Chalice - cup Varieties — *Narcissus incomparabilis*. Subdivisions by color as for Trumpet varieties. Cup or crown measures from one-third to nearly half the length of the perianth. The cup is generally brightly colored or frilled.

DIVISION 3:

Small Cup Daffodils — *Barri Narcissus*. (Named after Peter Barr, a noted English horticulturist.) Subdivisions by color as in Division 2 and 3, but the cup less than one-third the length of the perianth, and generally of a bright color.

DIVISION 4:

Small Cup Daffodils — *Leedsii Varieties*. Perianth white, cup white or pale yellow, sometimes tinged pink.

DIVISION 5:

Narcissus triandrus and Hybrids. The original *Narcissus triandrus* is a popular rock plant in cold climates, but is rarely seen in this country. Its hybrid forms may be recognised by the petals, which are reflexed, or turned in the opposite direction to the trumpet. These often bear more than one flower to a stem.

DIVISION 6:

Narcissus cyclamineus and Hybrids. This is the smallest subdivision, consisting of only one species and several hybrids. The flowers droop from the stem in clusters of two or three. Tiny tube-like trumpet and reflexed petals are both a rich yellow.

DIVISION 7:

Jonquilla Division. The bulbs in this family are the true jonquils, are all bunch flowered, all yellow with rush-like leaves and a heavy perfume. They include the popular campernelles.

DIVISION 8:

Tazetta Division. This division includes the hybrids between *Narcissus tazetta* and *Narcissus poeticus* (Group 9). They are called "Poetaz Nar-

cissus" and include all the bulbs popularly known as jonquils. (Paper-whites, eggs and bacon, and many others.) They are sometimes called polyanthus narcissus.

DIVISION 9:

Poeticus Division. These are the true Poet's narcissus, or pheasant's eyes, found wild all over Europe from France to Greece. Snow-white overlapping petals, a delicious perfume, and a flat eye or crown, usually red or orange, are characteristics. Normally has one flower only to a stem.

DIVISION 10:

Double Cup Division. All the double daffodils, irrespective of color or parentage.

DIVISION 11:

Miscellaneous Division. This division covers all the wild species not taken care of above, and also those which require rare or special growing conditions. It includes the *Narcissus bulbicodium*, or Hoop Petticoats, which are nearly all trumpet with minute petals.

Bulbs in Divisions 5, 6, and 11 are not easy to obtain in Australia, but are most usually found at any of the mountain district nurseries in Victoria and New South Wales. They grow well only in colder climates, being generally natives of European mountains.



SMALL CUP DAFFODIL, a member of Division 3, called "D. W. J. Smith."

Don't economise when buying daffodil bulbs—buy good-sized ones of best quality.

When planting daffodils, look for a corner near some trees or shrubs where you can plant them in the grass and leave it unmown until after the flowers fade.

In naturalised surroundings there is no need to lift the bulbs every year. Every few years is enough to divide the bulb clumps.

Loosen the ground thoroughly when you prepare it

for bulb planting. Dig out deeply and put the earth to one side of the hole. Scatter a double handful of bone-dust an inch or two below the bulbs' final position. Cover with an inch of earth (you want the fertiliser where the bulbs can reach it later, before flowering time).

Lay the bulbs in the pattern you have chosen, root side down, flowering position up. It's easy to tell which is which. Most bulbs are wider at the bottom.

SPRING BULBS GUIDE, continued overleaf

ROBINSON'S Baby Rice Cereal

THE PRE-COOKED WEANING FOOD IN POWDER FORM

Robinson's Baby Rice Cereal is specially made as a weaning food for babies. It is pre-cooked rice in powder form, containing vitamins and minerals to provide easily assimilated nourishment essential for your baby's strength and growth. In Australia this Robinson's baby food is proving itself as popular as it has been in the United Kingdom for many years.

FOR STURDY GROWTH AND CONTENTED FEEDING When your baby is ready for weaning, an all-milk diet ceases to be satisfying, and this is the time to introduce Baby Rice Cereal.

Babies love the delicious creamy flavour of this nourishing baby cereal, which provides in easily digestible form, the variety needed during the weaning period.

READY IN AN INSTANT

Baby Rice Cereal is prepared in an instant by simply stirring it into warm (boiled) milk.

TODDLERS, TOO!

Toddlers, too, thrive on Robinson's Baby Rice Cereal. They love it sprinkled on their food, or made up into the special recipes given on the pack.

Send for a free trial sample of Baby Rice Cereal to Reckitt & Colman (Aust.) Ltd., Box 2515, G.P.O., Sydney.

ROBINSON'S

Baby Rice Cereal

NOW ALSO AVAILABLE

- ★ Robinson's Baby Oats Cereal
- ★ Robinson's Baby Mixed Cereal
- ★ Triple Pack containing all three Robinson's Baby Cereals



for that clean taste...

Try *the* toothpaste that cleans . . . cleans . . . cleans best of all. That's because Super White Kolynos contains three of the most effective cleaning ingredients instead of the usual two. Only a dentist can clean your teeth more thoroughly! The more effective cleansing action of Kolynos stops bad breath, gives naturally brighter, whiter teeth. And, you enjoy a clean, refreshing after-taste that lasts longer.



*cleans, cleans, cleans
best of all*



KY337

HOW LOVELY YOU LOOK TOMORROW



depends on how well you clean your face TONIGHT

How lovely you look tomorrow will depend on the success of your make-up — and *that* will depend on how thoroughly you cleanse your face tonight.

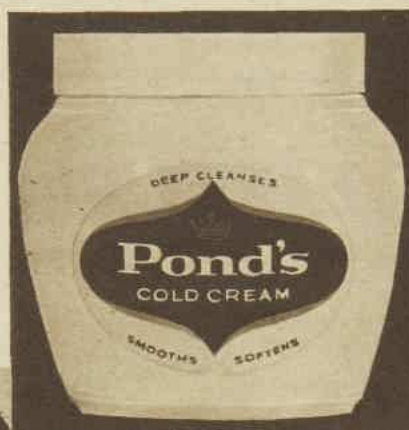
Soap and water alone will not completely remove superfine, modern make-up. But Pond's Cold Cream will cleanse your face thoroughly.

Tonight, cream-cleanse your old make-up away with Pond's — the fluffy, light cream that penetrates deep down.

Pond's cream cleansing leaves your skin delightfully soft, smooth and clean — ready to display tomorrow's make-up to perfection.

Tubes 2/11, Jars 5/3 8/11

Hat by Bernards, Melbourne. Complexion by Pond's.



POND'S COLD CREAM

Cleanses, cools your skin — relaxes you

Another beauty product of Chesebrough-Pond's.

C400

The small varieties



BULBS CROWN INDOORS can be wheeled on a trolley to catch the sun. These are freesias, jonquils, grape hyacinths, and scillas.

● The small bulbs — up to two inches in diameter — are usually planted from late January or February to April or very early May.

BULBS that develop long roots, such as narcissi, should be planted early to avoid failure.

The ground for most smaller bulbs or "corms," such as babianas, sparaxis, ixias, lachenalias, crocuses, montbretias, scillas, and anemones, should be light and loamy, well worked and friable.

Impoverished soil should be spaded well and a liberal amount of well-rotted manure, compost, or bonedust applied. If the soil is of a clayey nature, sand should also be added and mixed in.

Fresh manure should not be used, as it would cause heating and fermentation of the bulbs.

Spacing is also important as well as depth of planting. Consult the chart on an earlier page.

Cultivation should be confined mainly to soil preparation. The topsoil can be loosened lightly and shallowly, but not deeply enough to damage the bulbs.

Confine feeding to preparation of the soil, but a light top-dressing of old manure, an occasional dose of very weak liquid manure, or a "salting" of balanced fertiliser such as No. 5 or No. 12 will be beneficial before top growth appears.

Most small bulbs should be set out in an open, sunny position in soil that is well drained. Exceptions are snowflake and crocus, which like semi-shade.

Make the top layer, about ten inches of soil, as rich and sandy as possible, to be free of stagnant water but sufficiently water-holding.

Let the soil settle thoroughly before planting, and dig holes for the bulbs with a trowel, not with a dibber or dibble. Dribbling usually leaves a hole under the bulb, and air-pockets may prove fatal.

Some small bulbs and corms, including hyacinth, lachenalia, sparaxis, ixia, ranunculi, grape hyacinths, and anemones, benefit from yearly lifting and storing for a few months.

Babiana, snowflake, montbretia, nerine, and scilla can be left for several years without disturbance. In fact, many of them object strongly to being lifted more than once in five or six years.

Here are the rules for growing bulbs indoors:

● The bigger the bulb the better the flower.

● At least an inch of drainage material at the bottom of each container. (Broken pots, pebbles, or charcoal.)

● Use commercial bulb fibre or potting soil broken down with a little sand and peat moss—use only bulb fibre in pots without draining holes.

● Plant bulbs, water heavily, and store in the dark until the plants are well above the surface. This takes from days to months—depending on the variety. They won't need watering again until they are brought into the light.

● A little weak liquid manure or some tablets of plant food at flowering time will produce bigger flowers.

● When the flowering period is over, the plants should be transferred to the garden, where they will recover to flower another year.

Concluding Spring Bulb Guide

A wise and witty woman gives wise and witty advice on a subject dear to women's hearts

How to get along with a man

By PHYLLIS MCGINLEY, famous American humorist

● Getting along with men isn't what's truly important. The vital knowledge is how to get along with a man—one man. And concerning that, I think our mothers and grandmothers knew more than we.

FOR one thing, they recognised their luck. They never stopped preening themselves on having the good fortune to be married women.

I fear the feminists have persuaded us that marriage is a partnership, with inflexible rights and guarantees. Nonsense!

Marriage is a lot of things—an alliance, a sacrament, a comedy, or a mistake; but it is not a partnership because that implies equal gain.

And every right-thinking woman knows the profit in matrimony is by all odds hers.

Simone de Beauvoir, the French writer, wrote a very funny book a few years ago (at least I laughed a good bit).

What amused me most was her insistence that men had invented marriage to keep women in their places as the Second Sex.

Now why would a man deliberately go out of his way to dream up an institution so hampering to his liberty, so chafing to the wild male spirit, and, above all, so expensive?

Marriage was all a woman's idea; and for man's acceptance of the pretty yoke it becomes to be grateful.

If ever I were intrepid enough to instruct my daughters on the care and taming of husbands, I should put gratitude first on my list.

For gratitude is a sincerer form of flattery than imitation; and for its sake a man will endure a great deal—will bear with extravagance, too much marjoram in casseroles, a tendency to sinus trouble, and it is better than charity covering a multitude of faults.

Unpunctual?

Faults there are bound to be, marked, like towels, plainly His and Hers.

But the woman who gets along with a man knows how to get along also with his defects. She is too sensible to try to erase them, so she adapts them.

Is the lord of the manor unpunctual about letters or meeting one at the station?

Does he drink too much coffee, clutter ashtrays, read late at night in bed, turn on

all the lights and leave them burning?

Is he a pantry-raider, an ice-tray emptier, careless of calories? Does he tramp in dirty boots across the Sunday carpet, and think one's old boarding-school friends are bores?

Don't worry if he does. Let the lights burn and the ice melt in the sink.

See old cronies at lunch without him.

Faults shared are as comfortable as bedroom slippers and as easy to slip into.

A cosy drink

I have the feeling that Darby and his Joan were probably both terrible housekeepers and ramshackle hosts, but that Joan kept a pot of coffee—or was it mead?—ready at all times for the two of them.

And I'll wager she laughed heartily at every joke he told while they were tucking it away.

For next to gratitude, and ornamenting it, I should put appreciation. Particularly appreciation of his wit.

A husband expects a certain amount of disillusionment.

He knows that a helpmate before breakfast is bound to be less picturesque than the soignée creature with whom he used to dance.

He has braced himself for hairnets and dressing-gowns.

What he hasn't counted on is a wife who either interrupts his newest joke with "You'll have to ring the carpenter, dear, about that broken window" or greets his jest with a chill stare.

Nor is he prepared at parties to have her snatch the same story away from him and finish it herself.

Perhaps half the wife-murders in history would have gone uncommitted if the murderer had not, during a convivial evening, stopped her husband dead in the middle of a story with an impatient "You're getting it all wrong! The dog doesn't come in till later. You see, there were these two sailors . . ."

I happen to be married myself to a genuine wit; I know

that his most offhand dinner-table observation is far funnier than anything Bob Hope ever said, and it makes for an agreeable life.

But a good many husbands might be amusing at dinner, too, if they were nicely applauded.

Let's see—that's three items on the list, and it seems very skimpy advice for a woman to have accumulated after more than twenty years.

And what about the hot meal at night and the good breakfast? Is there to be no sound counsel on staying slimly seductive? On Getting One's Way without a Fuss?

Ah—but I've seen marriages fly apart at the seams, and I've seen them as firmly welded as a battleship, and there was never a rule-of-thumb to go by.

Good housekeepers come to grief and bad ones prosper; but I have also seen a wife enthroned like a goddess in her husband's heart.

I know happy women who understand more about business than their husbands and equally happy ones who couldn't add two and two.

As for glamor, even that is moot.

Buttons crooked

There's a friend of mine who, although she can scarcely read a street sign, leaves her glasses at home because her husband thinks they are unbecoming, and she's happy.

I also know a witty woman novelist who buttons her sweaters unevenly and forgets her lipstick, and her husband hasn't spoken a cross word to her in years.

There are executive-type women who do the driving in the family and who replace the fuses; and then there are the ones—like me—who go into trauma when faced with an automatic pencil sharpener.

We all seem to fare about the same.

As to the final question:

In a successful marriage there is no such thing as one's own way.

There is only the way of both, only the bumpy, dusty,



● "Be grateful, a good listener, and accept his faults."

difficult, but always mutual, path.

Pressed, I might add two old-fashioned trifles.

I wish that every girl who marries might have a dot.

Not a fortune—that might unbalance a relationship.

But the woman with a little money of her own, which is not part of the domestic budget, is delightfully situated.

It gives her confidence and kindness, like having naturally curly hair.

It might be hers by inheritance. She might earn it by ingenuity. Or she might persuade her husband to give a little of his salary.

Something with which to buy a hat or a birthday gift (and no questions asked) could make the difference between resentful dependence and happy self-reliance.

The other concerns choosing a proper family tree.

Nothing helps so much in getting along with a man as seeing to it that he stems from a long line of monogamous ancestors.

And there my list ends.

Gratitude, an attentive ear, a sharing of faults; pocket-money, and a stout conviction that marriages were meant to last—those are the only recipes I have to offer.

I hope no man sees the meagre roster, for it might seem to him condescending. And condescension is a woman's poorest weapon.

And who wants weapons when she has—and is aware that she has—all the luck?

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AT HOME *with* Margaret Sydney

● One of the housewife's chief pleasures in going out to dinner lies in the fact that she hasn't cooked the food, hasn't thought about it, hasn't bought it, and hasn't had to carry it home from the shops.

MOTHERS of young children get robbed of half the fun, of course, because they usually have to cater and cook first for those who are left at home.

Now that our girls are old enough to be able to cope, it's wonderful to be able just to walk out, occasionally, and leave them to it.

Hugh and I had dinner the other night with some friends who are both architects. Our hostess, Jeannette, is a great campaigner for "One woman, one job."

"I can build houses," she says, "or I can sew and polish and bake. I can't and I won't do both."

So most of the food they eat at home is packaged or quick frozen, and her husband says that the family device is a tin-opener rampant on a field of parsley and lettuce.

Jeannette had bought one of the American tinned chickens there has been so much comment about in the papers.

I've been longing to try one of these because they look attractive, but I haven't because of a Puritan streak in me which says it's wasteful and nonsensical for a primary-producing country to import its chickens from half a world away.

That, and the fact that they're either a little under or over £1 a tin, had stopped me satisfying my curiosity about them.

The tin was marked "nett weight 3lb. 4oz." and that seemed an adequate-sized chicken for four. It also said in large letters "Chill before removing from can."

Jeannette had bought it on her way from the office, and there didn't seem much sense in chilling it before opening it, when we wanted to eat it hot.

So we opened it unchilled, and found in it a beautiful little chicken weighing, I would guess, about two pounds, and a quantity of rich chicken broth which would, no doubt, have been rich chicken jelly if we'd obeyed the instructions on the tin.

Greek soup with eggs, lemon

JEANNETTE put the chicken on a rack in a hot oven to brown it, and after staring pensively into her grocery cupboard for a few minutes dived into a kitchen drawer and began scattering a positive snow-storm of newspaper cuttings.

"Found it," she said, holding up a rather food-stained and dog-eared scrap.

"It's the most marvellous recipe for a Greek soup called avgolemono, but I've never had a rich chicken broth to make it before."

She put a couple of ounces of rice into the broth (there must have been well over a pint of it), and let it boil gently until the rice was cooked. While it was boiling she beat up two eggs in a basin with the juice of a lemon, and then started adding spoonfuls of the hot broth to the eggs, stirring all the time, until she'd added about a cupful. When the rice in the broth was cooked she poured the egg and lemon and broth mixture from the basin into it, stirred it all for a few minutes over a low flame, and it was ready to serve.

Delicious! I must add this one to my collection of recipes, but I'll make my own chicken broth, salting and seasoning it in the usual way, instead of importing it from Iowa.

Incidentally, the chicken was nice-ish, but no more.

The men became all technical about the way it had been canned.

Anyway, it was beautifully flavored, but somehow managed, to be soft without being tender.

And "rum" prunes in batter

WITH our coffee we had prunes which Jeannette had soaked first in cold, weak tea and then in rum.

While the coffee was brewing she dipped them in batter and fried them in butter till they were golden, and then rolled them in a mixture of sugar and grated chocolate.

This is the sort of out-of-this-world tit-bit I'd never have the patience to bother with for a dinner-party, and the thing that amuses me is that the only people who ever do them are the ones like Jeannette, who insist that they can't and won't learn to cook.

Sea journeys in grandmother's day

OUR friends had recently been, with some other architects, on a conducted tour of the Oriana while she was berthed at Circular Quay, in Sydney, and they gave us a deck-by-deck description of her cabins and her pools, games rooms, library, cinema, and kitchens.

I'd have loved to have seen her, but I don't know that I want to travel on her.

The height of my ambition is a cabin on a cargo boat which carries perhaps 14 or 20 passengers in reasonable comfort, but not in such luxury that you'd hardly know you were at sea.

Hugh says I'd change my mind about this when I got into the tropics. A trip overseas has been to me like the carrot in front of the donkey—something that's always just out of reach.

All the talk about the Oriana reminded me of my grandmother's stories about sea voyages.

She made the trips between England and Australia twice with her growing family in the 1880s and '90s, and their cabins were furnished with bunks and not much else.

They had to take with them bedding and baby carriages, towels and commodes and cabin-trunks with their hanging space, high chairs and patent "travelling-basins" and mirrors.

And in her mother's day there'd been no refrigeration, and chickens and pigs and sheep had to be carried and butchered as they were needed.

But even with refrigeration, in the '90s the food situation wasn't easy for a mother with young children, and my grandmother lost one of her babies on the voyage out, as the result of some sort of food poisoning.

Problem of "hand-me-downs"

DIANA is raging this week over the "unfairness" of having to go back to school now that Kat has left.

I've spent all my spare time altering what's left of Katharine's uniforms to fit Diana, and this, she assures me, is the final straw.

"The most wonderful thing in the world would be to be an only child," she says.

"At least you wouldn't have to go about dressed in other people's old, cast-off rags."

BEWARE THESE TELL-TALE SIGNS!

Spasmodic irregularity is more common than you realise! . . . Begins to leave its marks . . . earlier than you think!

Too many people to-day, regard chronic constipation as something that couldn't possibly happen to them! Yet modern foods are usually so soft, so over-processed, that they cannot possibly supply the bulk your system must have to ensure safe, natural regularity. It can happen to you!

Because many people do not know that it is mainly the lack of bulk in their diet causing their constipation they resort to other means as a "cure." But, "Family Doctor" the magazine of the British Medical Association, specifically warns against this practice—as follows:

"The constant use of purgatives does more harm than good. 'Remedies' of this type, by irritating and paralysing the bowels, may actually cause constipation."

"This fact was known in A.D. 100, and has been repeatedly confirmed ever since."

"If you have got into the purgative habit, get out of it at once. Regular habits, adequate bulk—like cereals, fruit and vegetables—in your diet, sufficient fluid and regular exercise, will keep most people fit in this respect. If these prove ineffective in your case, do not resort to purging—see your doctor."

If you suffer from constipation—even occasionally—don't bully Nature! Work with Nature—not against it—by keeping your system supplied with the bulk it needs to function properly. All-Bran supplies this bulk!

ALL-BRAN—puts Nature's bulk back into your diet! All-Bran—made by Kellogg's—is made from Bran—the outer layers of whole grain wheat. These outer layers, are Nature's richest supply of the bulk necessary to natural regularity.

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PLUS THESE VITAMINS AND MINERALS.

250 mgs./oz. Vitamin B1—for steady nerves and normal appetites.

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3.0 mgs./oz. Food Iron—to maintain correct level of red corpuscles in the blood. (Represents .010 p.p.c.).

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Surprise them with this lunch-box idea

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SALAD IDEAS FOR SUMMER LUNCHES

Cool lunch-box salads will appeal to your family during the warmer weather. Be sure to include generous slices of nourishing Kraft Cheddar Cheese.

★ Line a plastic box with greaseproof paper, and a paper serviette. Inside, arrange salad ingredients such as lettuce, a hard-boiled egg, a whole tomato. Add several slices of Kraft Cheddar Cheese, and buttered bread or rolls. Complete this summer luncheon with a piece of fruit.

Here are some more lunch-box suggestions:—

★ Pack a piece of cooked poultry or rabbit, a whole tomato, celery and sliced Kraft Cheddar Cheese. Add a few buttered crackers and an apple.

★ Pack a buttered bread roll, some cooked sausages and sliced Kraft Cheddar Cheese. Wrap lettuce, a tomato, and some spring onions separately in greaseproof paper.

★ Pack two Kraft Cheddar Cheese sandwiches and a banana. Wrap lettuce and radishes separately in greaseproof paper.



Kraft Cheddar is a lunch-box favourite with Dad, schoolchildren and teenagers . . . and with mothers, too. It's easy to slice — and there's no rind, no waste. Kraft Cheddar provides essential lunch-time nourishment, too . . . because it takes a whole gallon of milk to make every pound of this fine cheese.

Cheese is a wonderful food — always put a cheese from **KRAFT** on your table

Get Kraft Cheddar in the 8oz., 1lb. and family-size 2lb. packets. Also in 1oz. portions.



Bacon for flavor

● Most people enjoy the piquant flavor of bacon. The recipes on this page give some delicious ways of incorporating it in breakfast, luncheon, and main-course dinner dishes.

It is high time to abandon the idea that the only use for bacon is to serve it at the traditional English breakfast. The unique flavor of bacon adds zest to many otherwise ordinary dishes, as is shown in the recipes below. Try them, then experiment by adding bacon to your own recipes, and the family will think you own a new cook book.

All spoon measurements are level and the eight-liquid-ounce measuring cup is used in our recipes. Quantities are sufficient for 6 to 8 servings.

GARDEN TOSSED SALAD

Quarter pound bacon (chopped), 1 small lettuce, $\frac{1}{2}$ cabbage, 1 small cucumber, 3 tomatoes, 1 carrot, 1 onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ green pepper, 2 tablespoons oil, 2 tablespoons vinegar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon freshly ground pepper.

Heat small frying-pan, add bacon and saute until crisp; drain and cool. Break lettuce into pieces, place in salad bowl, add shredded cabbage, sliced tomatoes and cucumber, carrot shreds, chopped onion rings, bacon, and green pepper slices; toss lightly. Combine oil and vinegar, salt and pepper. Pour over salad and toss well. Serve well chilled.

HERBED TOMATO CUPS

Six tomatoes (even size), salt, pepper, basil, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bacon (chopped), 6 eggs.

Cut slice from top of each tomato, scoop out pulp. Season inside of each with salt, pepper, and basil. Add spoonful of bacon (which has been lightly sauteed in its own fat) to each. Place each tomato into individual custard cups, carefully break an egg into each. Bake in slow oven 20 to 25 minutes or until egg is set and tomato soft.

CORN AND BACON BAKE

One chopped onion, 3 tablespoons butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, 1 cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour cream or yoghurt, 1 large tin whole kernel corn (drained), $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bacon (chopped), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped parsley.

Heat butter in saucepan, add onion, and cook until soft, stir in flour and mix well. Add salt, pepper, and milk, stir over heat until thickened. Add sour cream or yoghurt and corn; mix well, simmer over heat 3 minutes. Pour into heated serving-dish garnished with bacon (which has been sauteed until crisp in its own fat) and chopped parsley.

Note: If desired the chopped bacon and parsley could be mixed into the corn mixture instead of being used as garnish.

CABBAGE ROLLETES

One medium-sized cabbage, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. chopped bacon, 1 small onion (chopped), $\frac{1}{2}$ green pepper (diced finely), 1 tin tomatoes, 1 cup cooked rice, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sausage meat, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper, 8 or 10 rashers bacon (rind removed), 1 medium-sized tin onion soup (diluted with 1 cup water).

Cook or steam cabbage gently 5 minutes until leaves are limp and easily separated; cool to handle easily. Break or cut ribs of each cabbage leaf so it will roll easily. Heat frying-pan, add chopped bacon, and cook until crisp; remove and pour away all but 2 tablespoons of the bacon fat. Saute onion and pepper in this until tender; drain. Strain tomatoes and reserve

juice. Combine in bowl the bacon, onion, pepper, rice, meat, chopped tomatoes, salt, and pepper; mix well. Spoon about $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of the filling on to each cabbage leaf, fold over ends of leaf, roll up tightly to enclose filling, wrap a rasher of bacon around each, fasten with cocktail sticks if necessary. Place rolls in large frying-pan with lid or in saucepan, pour over reserved tomato juice and onion soup. Cover and simmer gently 30 to 40 minutes.

BEANS WITH BACON DRESSING

One pound fresh beans, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bacon, 2 eggs, 1-3rd cup vinegar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, 1 tablespoon sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt.

Cook bacon (chopped) until crisp; drain and reserve $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of drippings. Crumble bacon. Wash, top and tail beans, and cook in salted water until tender; drain and arrange on hot serving-dish, keep hot. Beat eggs, vinegar, water, sugar, and salt together. Heat reserved drippings in pan, add egg mixture, and cook over low heat, stirring constantly until thickened. Pour hot dressing over beans, sprinkle with crumbled bacon. Serve at once as hot vegetable or chill and serve as salad with crisp greens.

BACON AND MACARONI CASSEROLE

Eight ounces elbow macaroni, 1 tin (large) evaporated milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, 1 tin (large) cream of mushroom soup, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cubed processed cheese, 2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bacon, salt.

Cook macaroni in boiling salted water until tender; drain. Combine evaporated milk, water, soup, cheese, and mustard in saucepan. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly until cheese is melted. Cook rashers of bacon. When partially cooked, remove 4 rashers for garnish, continue cooking remainder until crisp; remove and crumble. Combine macaroni, crumbled bacon, and cheese sauce, turn into greased casserole and top with reserved bacon rashers. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes or until bacon is crisp. Garnish with parsley if desired.

By **LEILA C. HOWARD,**
Our Food and Cookery Expert



DELIGHTFUL FLAVOR OF BACON is included in the dishes above. They are garden tossed salad, herbed tomato cups, corn and bacon bake, savory cabbage rollettes, and green beans with bacon dressing. See recipes this page.

TUNA AND BACON TOASTWICHES

One large tin tuna, 6 tablespoons mayonnaise, 6 rashers bacon (fried crisply), salt, pepper, 6 hard-boiled eggs (cut in slices), 12 slices hot buttered toast, 12 grilled bacon rolls, 12 stuffed olives.

Combine flaked tuna with mayonnaise, gently warm over heat. Add bacon (which has been chopped or crumbled), season with salt and pepper. Sandwich with hard-boiled egg slices between hot buttered toast. Top with bacon rolls and olives, serve at once.

RABBIT PASTIES

Six rashers bacon (rind removed), 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups minced cooked rabbit, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon onion, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper, 4 to 6 tablespoons evaporated milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. shortcrust or cheese pastry, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon water.

Saute bacon until crisp in heated pan; drain well and crumble. Mix rabbit, parsley, onion, crumbled bacon, salt and pepper, and enough evaporated milk to make mixture moist but not wet. Roll pastry out on floured board to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness, cut into 5 in. squares with sharp knife. Place two tablespoons of rabbit filling on each square, glaze edges with a little water, fold pastry over into a triangle. Seal edges well, prick tops. Arrange turnovers on oven tray. Combine egg-yolk and water and brush tops of turnovers with this mixture. Bake in a hot oven until golden-brown (approximately 10 to 15 minutes).

SAVORY FINGER BISCUITS

Three ounces butter or substitute, 3oz. flour, 3oz. grated cheese, salt and pepper to taste, water, 1 beaten egg, 2 rashers bacon (grilled or fried crisp enough to crumble), cayenne, coarse salt.

Rub butter or substitute into sifted flour, salt, and pepper. Add the crumbled bacon and cheese. Knead all together to form a stiff dough. A little water can be added if necessary. Roll out lightly on a floured board to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness and cut into finger-lengths. Brush with beaten egg and sprinkle with cayenne and a little coarse salt. Put a sheet of greaseproof paper on an oven tray and lift fingers carefully on to it. Bake in a hot oven 10 minutes. Loosen and cool on trays.

BIG COOKERY CONTEST

£1200 for maize cornflour recipes

● Our splendid new cookery contest, in which prizes totaling £1200 will be awarded for recipes using maize cornflour, promises to be an overwhelming success.

ALTHOUGH the contest was announced in only last week's issue, we have received already many recipes from readers who are competing for the big prizes.

The prize list is headed by the Grand Champion Prize of £400 plus a free return air-trip to Tahiti for two. This trip is an additional award to be given by the Australian manufacturers of maize cornflour.

First prizes of £100, second prizes of £40, third prizes of £20, and 10 consolation prizes of £1 each will be awarded in each of the four sections of the contest.

The Grand Champion Prize

will come from any of the four sections of the contest. These sections are:

1. SOUPS AND SAUCES.
2. MAIN-COURSE DISHES (meat, fish, poultry).
3. DESSERTS (hot or cold).
4. BISCUITS.

Another feature of the prize list is the £20 award for the best household hint using maize cornflour. This can be a cookery hint or any other type of hint useful to the housewife.

Four £5 progress prizes—one for each of the four sections of the contest—will be awarded, and the prizewinning recipes published each week throughout the contest.

The first group of these progress prize recipes will appear in our issue dated March 1.

Why not try for one of the prizes by sending in a recipe or recipes containing maize cornflour? You can send in as many recipes as you wish in any or all of the four sections.

The cornflour to be used in the recipes is the familiar household product sold in cardboard packets, which is a staple ingredient in every kitchen.

Recipes entered in Section 1 can be for hot or chilled soups, such as cream soups, that are suitable to serve in summer.

In Section 2, main-course dishes of fish, meat, or poultry can be entered. These are the type of dishes served as a main course at lunch or dinner or as the main dish at a buffet meal.

In Section 3, recipes entered can be for either hot or cold desserts. They can be the elaborate party-style of dessert or the simple family pud-

ding that has been given a new guise by the addition of an extra ingredient or decoration.

Section 4 requires recipes for biscuits of any type that include maize cornflour in the ingredients. Recipes can range from the elaborate afternoon tea-party type to the plain finger-length biscuits for children's lunch-boxes.

But please remember that all recipes entered in the contest must contain maize cornflour as an essential ingredient.

All you have to do is to write out clearly or type your recipe or recipes, using a separate sheet of paper for each one, mark each sheet with your name and full address, including State, and send it to:

CORNFLOUR CONTEST,
BOX 5252, G.P.O.,
SYDNEY.

Please mark at the top of each sheet of paper the section in which the recipe is entered.

Use level spoon measure-

£5 FOR MINT CAKES

● The £5 main prize in our regular weekly cookery contest is won this week by a Queensland reader for a recipe for cakes filled with a mint and fruit mixture.

CONSOLATION prize of £1 is won by a recipe for a chilled dessert suitable for serving as a family treat or when guests are expected.

All spoon measurements are level.

MINT CAKES

Half pound flaky or puff pastry, 2oz. softened butter or substitute, 4oz. currants, 2oz. finely chopped candied peel, 4 teaspoon spice, 1½oz. brown sugar, 2 tablespoons apricot jam, 2 tablespoons finely chopped fresh mint, beaten egg, icing sugar.

Roll out pastry on floured board and cut into 3in. circles with floured cutter. Spread softened butter or substitute over half the circles. Combine and mix well the currants, peel, spice, brown sugar, apricot jam, and mint. Put spoonful on each of the buttered circles of pastry, moisten edges and place circle of pastry on top. Seal firmly, press each lightly with rolling-pin. Brush with a little beaten egg. Bake three short sittings in hot oven. 15 to 20 minutes in each oven. Serve cold, dusted with icing-sugar.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. V. Kellon, Box 11, The Valley Post Office, Gladstone, Qld.

CONFETTI REFRIGERATOR CAKE

One dozen lady-fingers or sponge cake slices, 1½ cups raisins, boiling water, 2oz. gelatine, 1½ cups water, 1 cup sugar, pinch salt, 1 cup orange juice, 1 pint chilled cream or evaporated milk, 2/3rds cup chopped mixed fruits, ½ cup chopped walnuts, colored coconut or nonpareils.

Line sides and base of greased or oiled 8in. cake-tin with split lady-fingers or sponge slices; stand aside, prepare filling. Cover raisins with boiling water, stand 10 minutes; drain. Dissolve gelatine in the 1½ cups water, add raisins, sugar, salt, orange juice; chill until syrupy. Whip cream or evaporated milk until thick, fold in raisin mixture, mixed fruits, and chopped walnuts. Pour into prepared tin, chill until firm. Unmould on to serving dish, sprinkle top with colored coconut or nonpareils. Serve with custard or ice-cream.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Darcy, Extons Rd., Kinglake Central, Vic.

NEXT WEEK:
Seafood recipes

HOUSEHOLD HINT

A prize of £1/1/- is awarded to Mrs. R. Stuart, 227 Main Rd., Abermain, N.S.W., for the following hint:

When baking a rhubarb tart, crumble a tea-biscuit over the bottom layer of pastry before putting in the rhubarb. This makes the tart crisp and firm.

Have you a useful hint to pass on to other housewives? Send it to Home Hints, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. We will pay £1/1/- for every one used.



THE PRIZE LIST

● Here is the list of prizes to be won in our Maize Cornflour Contest.

GRAND CHAMPION PRIZE
(best recipe in contest) . . . £400
plus return air trip for two to Tahiti
FIRST PRIZE in each section . £100
SECOND PRIZE in each section . £40
THIRD PRIZE in each section . £20
SPECIAL PRIZE for best hint
using maize cornflour . . . £20

Ten consolation prizes of £1 each will be awarded in each section. In addition, four progress prizes of £5 each will be awarded weekly throughout the contest.

ments and the eight-liquid-ounce measure in all recipes entered in the contest.

Write the ingredients required in the recipe in one paragraph, and the method in a second paragraph.

The contest will be judged

by a panel of The Australian Women's Weekly cookery experts, who will open and judge every recipe received.

If two or more competitors enter an identical recipe, the first one opened will be eligible for a prize.



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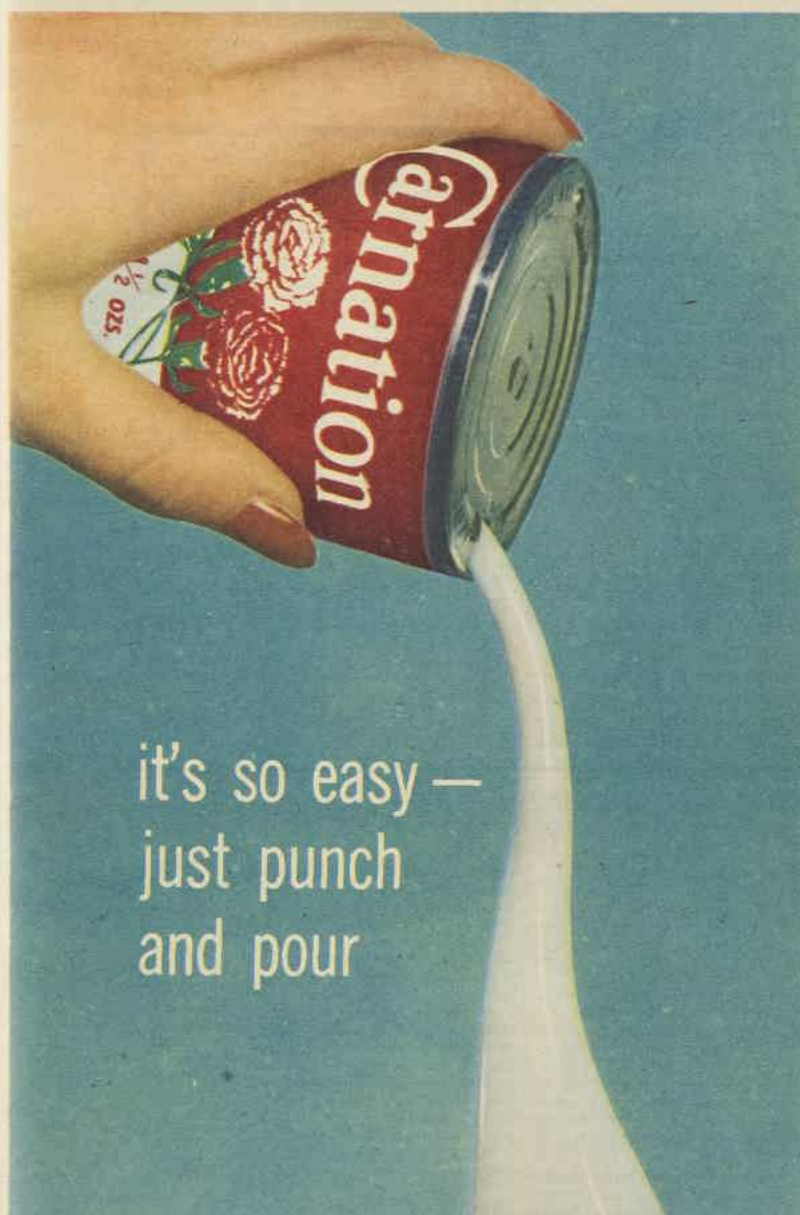
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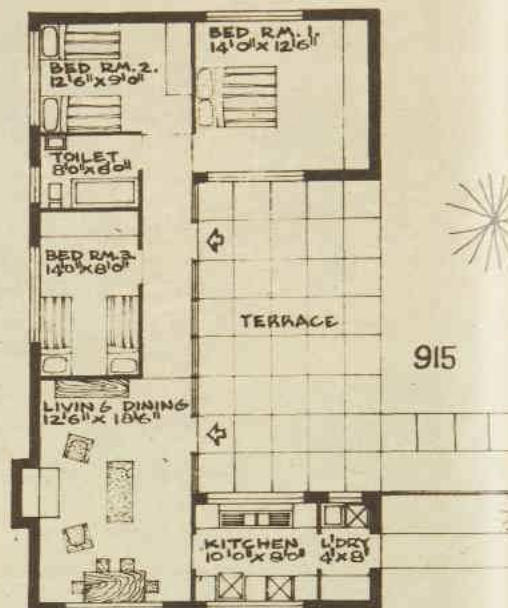
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(Telephone X6111.)

Continuing . . . PRINCESS PENELOPE

from page 17

name he was not prepared to
divulge" had disappeared. Mr.
Sotelo wished to appeal to the
robbers to return the letters.

All the time we were read-
ing, Anton was storming about
the room prophesying disaster.
The throne to which Penelope
was the distant heir would be
shaken to its foundations. Be-
fore we had finished with the
newspaper story, he had the
royal family in humiliating
flight and miserable exile.

"It is the fault of the Duke
of Windsor," he said gloomily.
"Giving up a throne for love.
That started the rot. The
British are impossible, and we
all suffer as a consequence."

"How could Penelope have
been such a fool?" Sophie
said.

"She will have no chance
for further follies," Anton said
with satisfaction. "I have
arranged for them to send with
her a maid who is entirely re-
liable—a female gorilla. The
driver of the car is also worthy
of his trust. He, like myself,
is a dead shot. If any ruffian
seeks her out here, he'll be
shot like a dog."

"I don't see how that will
help get the letters back,"
Sophie said.

"I am going at once to tele-
phone the Paris police," An-
ton said. Presently we could
hear his voice surging through
the castle's corridors.

There was another sound,
too—light feet on the turret
stairs. I had a presentiment

that no operation conducted
by Anton was likely to turn
out according to plan, and so
it was now. It was at least
an hour before the fall of
darkness, which had been sup-
posed to cover her arrival; but
the girl who stepped into the
drawing-room was unquestion-
ably Princess Penelope.

I had seen photographs of
her in magazines. I was there-
fore soberly prepared for the
princess' lovely appearance in
the flesh.

Sophie embraced her, intro-
duced me sketchily, and began
to pour out questions. What
sort of trip had she had? How
had she managed to arrive two
hours ahead of schedule?

"Because I didn't stop for
lunch," said the princess.

"But you must be starving,"
Sophie said, "and what about
the maid and the driver?"

"Oh, they had lunch," the
princess said. "At least, they
were tucking into it when I
left them. They bothered me
rather," she explained gently,
"so when we got to this res-
taurant—it's about halfway
between here and Paris—we
sat down and ordered, and then
I said I was going to the ladies'
room, and I went straight out
the back of the hotel to the car
and drove off."

"Oh, this is terrible!" Sophie
said, wringing her hands. "I
must tell Anton."

"He's all steamed up about
those letters, isn't he?" the

princess said. "I arrived quite
a little while ago, but I waited
for a bit in the room below this
to—er—eavesdrop."

Sophie glared at her and
went swiftly out of the room.

"Could you send some fresh
tea?" the princess called after
her. She took a cake from the
table and walked restlessly
about the room nibbling it. I
felt a warm glow of compassion
toward this beautiful creature
involved in her hopeless love af-
fair. She said, "I suppose
you're on my family's side."

"Oh, no," I said automati-
cally.

"Oh, yes," the princess said.
"It's obvious. My family act
in the most fatheaded way."

I HEARD my-
self saying that of course a
family in the position of her
family had very special prob-
lems.

"You mean," the princess
said, "about love? Love and
its conflict with duty?"

"Well, yes," I said. I was
embarrassed by the situation.

The princess studied the
plate of cakes carefully and
took another one. Then she
said meditatively, "It's rather
strange. You look intelligent,
and you're American, yet you
can't seem to rid your mind
of cant and clichés. You're as
bad as my family."

"You seem to have the idea
I'm in love with this young
man. That's why I say you're
like my family. They say to

themselves, 'Penelope is insub-
ordinate, anti-tradition, not
like us.' What do princesses
who are like that do? They
fall madly in love with unsuit-
able young men of unknown
families. Why on earth should
I, of all people, fall in love with
this very ordinary young man?"

"You mean to say," I said,
"there's not any of what the
newspapers call romantic at-
tachment?"

"Not on my side," the prin-
cess said calmly, "although
there is, of course, on his. He
loves me. He's quite harmless
and pleasant. But for me, he's
a kind of leverage. A tremen-
dous convenience, don't you
see?"

"I'm afraid I don't, exactly."
"Have you had enough
rum?" the princess asked.
"Then I'll drink what's left." She
did so and smacked her
lips lightly afterward. "That
was good. Well, surely it's
obvious. They can hardly ex-
pect me to renounce my great
love and get nothing in ex-
change. They must think of
some way to make it worth my
while. Otherwise, this unseemly
affair may drag on and on."

For the sake of saying some-
thing, I said, "Well, what do
you want in exchange?"

"That," she said, "I don't
know exactly. And now don't
you go saying 'the girl doesn't
know what she wants.' That's
another of the platitudinous
things people say. When I say
I don't know exactly what I
want, I mean I couldn't draw
a map of it. It isn't something
I could write down on a post-
card, like a mink coat or a trip
to New York."

To page 45

"Independence, perhaps?" I

Another cliché word," the princess said contemptuously. "I want to be me," she said slowly. "And all that that implies," she added darkly.

A manservant arrived with fresh tea and rum, and she filled glasses for herself and me. "At my age," she said, "one's so helpless, you see. I can't educate my relatives out of their prejudices and old-fashioned ideas. So I have to use the weight of their ideas and prejudices to throw them. Like this alleged love affair."

"What about Sotelo? You've encouraged him."

"But it's given him pleasure. He fell for me at first because I'm a princess. But then he began to love me for myself."

I suddenly recalled the matter of the letters. What, I said, had possessed her to write them?

"But there aren't any letters," said Princess Penelope. "Unless he wrote them himself." "Then the burglary? How?"

"Psychologically very simple," said the princess. "He longed for me to write him letters. He couldn't bear it that I hadn't written any. So he invented the idea that I had, and they had been stolen."

"He may be happy now," I said, "but you'll admit it will be all the more terrible for him when you no longer have any use for him as a convenience."

"I know," she said. "I can hardly bear to break it to him." I scarcely heard her, because a new and grisly thought had crossed my mind. If Alexis knew where his princess was now, what desperate act might he conceivably consider? I asked her if he had an idea of the whereabouts of this hide-out.

She nodded shamefacedly. "I'm afraid I let it out."

"You couldn't have!" I said. "Suppose he comes rushing down here after you? And then do you know what'll happen? Your feudal-minded Cousin Anton will set the dogs on him and probably shoot him. The newspapers would quite hold you responsible, and you'd lose all that leverage you talk about."

HER lovely eyes were wide with concern and bright with intelligent understanding.

I longed to help her. "If only he could be reached some way and warned," I said. "But even if you had anybody in Paris who could act for you, Sotelo might be difficult to find. He might already be on his way here."

"How tremendously clear-headed you are. You've put into words just what I was thinking when they decided I should be sent here. So I arranged to pick up Alexis at the railway junction. We nearly ran into Cousin Anton as he came out of the post office. We had to lurk about until he came back here, and then I took the car around to the back, and I got Alexis safely into the old wing. Now all you have to do is carry out your suggestion—about warning him."

I was not dumfounded. I was not indignant. I had lost the capacity for both amazement and indignation.

"It seems to me," she said, "you'd do best to go along there right away before somebody blunders in on him. He's in the room just beyond the gallery. You must be prepared for tears when you tell him that I can never see him again. He's an excitable young man and terribly in love."

To reach the picture gallery, it was necessary to go through a number of rooms. As I entered the first room, a young man jumped from a chair. He was of medium height, slim, and good-looking in the Mediterranean

Continuing . . . PRINCESS PENELOPE

from page 44

nean mode. He stood there with an expression of expectancy.

"Look," I said, "I've really nothing to do with this, but I'm a friend of the family's. I'm afraid you're in for a bit of a shock and disappointment."

"I have a message for you from the princess. She has thought the matter over carefully, and she has, very reluctantly I must say, decided that the situation is impossible. She cannot see you again. She is most deeply sorry."

"It is a bit tough on her," said Sotelo.

"It's nice of you to think of her first," I said warmly.

"Naturally, it's tough for her," Sotelo said. "I mean, she's in love with me—crazy about me, poor kid. Of course, she had a good time and all that, but when you get a kid like that and she lets herself fall in love, it's too bad. The question is, what's the payoff?"

I had an unpleasant feeling that I was gaping at him. He spoke sharply. "Listen, mister," he said. "We don't have to waste a lot of time talking morals. You'd probably have done the same thing in my position. You wouldn't have wanted to be a ship's steward forever. You'd have wanted to go places. And when a princess comes along—what a chance!"

"You mean you thought you could marry her?" I asked. He made a derisive noise. "Didn't think I could, and didn't think I would," he said. "The hot romance was all I needed to be on my way. I've worked hard at it, stoking the fires. Like when I accidentally sat down next to a reporter in Cherbourg and started to bathe my broken heart in Pernod."

"Pretty soon, he was paying for the Pernods, and I was thoughtlessly telling him about my frantic telephone calls to my loved one in Paris. It's wonderful what the newspapers will believe if you tell them what they want to believe. Young love thwarted by royal fossils. And then, of course, I had to shun the glare of publicity. A man's expected to do that in the circumstances. I hid me and my broken heart in Paris. A simple waiter. Amazing how quickly they found where I worked, isn't it?"

"So—the letters?" I said. He had a smile of satisfaction. "Seen that story already, have you? Oh, I was distraught, all right, at the police station. Made the front page in two of the papers."

"With the publicity I've had, I could go all sorts of places. Sell my story. Television. Maybe a part in a film. I haven't decided exactly what I want to do, but the point is, whatever I do, it will be me deciding and not a lot of people ordering me about."

"Reasonable enough." The voice seemed to be in the room.

Sotelo, not knowing how little the ancestors of Count de Rastazac had cared about privacy, sprang round. "Where is she?" he barked. "What's this trick?" He ran out of the room and into the gallery, with me at his heels.

"Just coming," the princess' voice called. She must have been standing at the far end of the gallery, and now the sound of her feet came quickly, almost running, across it. She came towards us, her eyes shining.

Sotelo took another step towards me. "It's a trick," he repeated. "You platted her there."

"Nonsense, Alexis," said the princess. "Nobody plants me anywhere. I decided I would do well to listen to your conversation. How right I was."

He spat out a couple of words in her direction—in Greek, I think. They eyed each other blazingly. I stepped between them. I was so upset and

bewildered I caught myself babbling words suitable for a man who is trying to make up a lovers' quarrel. Then my wits stopped whirling enough to tell me that this was not my role. I broke off.

"Words fail you," the princess said. "Don't be upset, because this thing isn't going to be in the conventional pattern. Your clichés are out of date. As for you, Alexis, I respect your point of view. Although you're a bit of a liar."

Alexis eyed her with suspicion. With an effort, he seemed literally to pull himself together. "There's no need to make a scene," he said loftily. "Lots of girls would have been glad to go out with me."

tion. It may be a little humiliating for you. But if everyone behaves properly, there will be no need for anyone but me to see it." She seated herself at the typewriter and started to type rapidly. "You will be proud to think you have written this, Alexis," she said. "It is beautifully phrased."

"What is this?" Alexis said, and moved around to look over her shoulder. He read a few lines and immediately began to protest. When I read it, too, I could understand why.

In the words rattling from the keys, he lamented that Penelope had never deigned to treat him with more than the most ordinary civility, that their meeting at the Belgian resort had been accidental, brief, and on her part chillily re-

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"But you implied to this gentleman," the princess said, "that you didn't even find me attractive. That is not so."

"Listen, Penelope," Alexis said, "don't twist my words. I only said I didn't love you and didn't want to marry you. I never said you weren't attractive."

"I accept your explanation," said the princess. "Now, about your plans for your future that you were just mentioning. I can't have you bandying yourself about as my lover."

"So? And just how will you stop me?"

The princess disregarded him. She walked to the large desk, with a typewriter and other writing materials, that had been provided for me by Sophie de Rastazac. "You and I, my dear Alexis," she said, "are going to compose a piece of literature, a letter full of love and renuncia-

served. She had danced with him, it seemed, only to avoid humiliating him openly.

Furthermore, he was forced to acknowledge that Penelope had been right to act as she had. His inadequacy as a lover must, he said, have been immediately self-evident. He never had any luck with women. Even the waitresses in waterfront cafes disdained him.

"Ah, but this, this," Alexis said, pointing furiously at the letter, "this is too much! Do you imagine I shall sign it? You must be out of your mind."

"Clear your mind of cant," the princess said. "Face reality. Sign it and behave yourself, and nothing more will be heard of this letter. Provide a reminiscence for just one little newspaper, and this letter, signed by you, will be published everywhere. Men will look at you

with contempt; women, with aversion."

"But I'm not going to sign it," Alexis howled.

"In that case, I shall scream for Cousin Anton. That scream will turn the clock back by several centuries. You will find yourself swept into feudal times. You will be lacerated by dogs, beaten senseless, or, if Cousin Anton is feeling a little more up-to-date, shot. The scandal will be unpleasant for us, but even more unpleasant for you, because the cause will be your maiming or death."

"I doubt if there'll be any need to scream," I said. "I can hear the Baron baying in the distance and getting nearer."

The princess ripped the paper out of the typewriter and held a fountain pen urgently towards Alexis Sotelo. "Sign!" she said. "Otherwise, I shall be forced to throw you to the wolves."

Alexis' face had an expression of defiance and despair. He pushed aside her hand.

Penelope looked at him with astonishment. "You're worrying about a few humiliating words that mean nothing? Don't be sentimental."

"Don't be ridiculous," Alexis said. "I'm worrying about what you propose to pay me in cash for signing that and giving up my intended career."

Anton burst into the gallery, followed by Sophie. He demanded explanations. He threatened to put everyone in chains.

"Don't make yourself ridiculous, dear Anton," said the princess. "Try to remember which century you're in. Mr. Sotelo and I are concluding a little business—profitable to both of us, I hope."

She turned to me. "Please try to explain the situation to my cousin."

I did so as well as I could. "And of course," the princess said, "in return for this letter, Alexis must be paid a reasonable compensation for all his trouble. He has put himself to great effort and sacrifice to gain independence, just as I have. It's the duty of the older generation to encourage such initiative among the young."

"Don't give him a penny," Sophie, Anton shouted.

"In that case, I shall ring up all the newspapers and tell them about my darling Alexis' visit here," the princess said. "No! No!" said Sophie. She was tapping her foot and thinking. "No! No!" she said, and then, "How much?"

Anton suggested a sum. The princess said, "Peanuts," and multiplied it by twenty. Sophie divided this total by five. Sotelo and I stood silently, as though hypnotised, while the three representatives of that royal and ancient house wrangled like tinkers at a horse fair.

Finally, Sophie took a chequebook from a desk drawer and began to write a cheque. "I must say," she said, "this is a most unheard-of proceeding."

The princess said, "Of course it is. That's why it takes you by surprise. Next time, learn to expect the unexpected. A valuable lesson for people who are a little set in their ways of thinking." She handed the cheque to Alexis.

He looked at the large figure inscribed on it, and his face softened with emotion. "Thank you for your help," he said to Princess Penelope. Then he held it in both hands and kissed it.

"And thank you, Alexis," the princess said. "You have helped me, too, improve my position."

"That we should come to this!" Anton proclaimed in his "Goterdammarung" voice. "What manoeuvres. What bargaining!"

"You always said I should train myself to face the problems of a princess in the modern world," Princess Penelope said. "It's a form of adjustment to my group."

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The Tea of Flavor

He thought of the nest again. It was just a few feet farther to the left, where the cliff was straight and smooth underneath. There hadn't been any eggs in it after all. There had been, once, but they had been hatched. He could see one small skull, bald and shiny, resting asleep against the side of the nest.

The short beak was hard to see against the sticks and weeds of the nest. He could see only one bird, but there must be two, for he could hear faint high-pitched squeaks, something like a kitten mewling, only sharper. He wanted to see. Now that he was up here he might just as well. And it would help to pass some of the time. Perhaps, by then, someone would have come, someone to help him.

Inching sideways, creeping inches, he worked himself along the ledge. When he was moving he couldn't look down. He stared straight into the face of the cliff. He could see patterns in the rock.

Thinking about them, imagining a line here and there, he could make out shapes of things, like heads, and a dog, and a man running, or letters. It was like finding shapes in clouds; only with clouds they soon disappeared again. The shapes in the rock, when you found them, stayed.

There were two birds in the nest. He hadn't quite reached it, but he could see them. The ledge widened a little here; it was easier to climb along, much easier. Perhaps he'd be able to find a way down from just a little farther along. But when he looked down the cliff seemed as smooth and straight as ever. And down below were the rocks, sharp and cruel, waiting. He jerked his eyes and thoughts back up to the nest again.

One bird was squawking louder now. It had seen him with one round black eye. It was frightened. Its head jerked up and down, backwards and forwards. It had two heads! No, there were two more birds; three altogether. The one that had been asleep was awake now. It struggled and flopped a little in the nest.

They were nearly bald all over. Their pink skins had a little fluff, and a few blue-white quills sticking out. You could see the bones in their wings. You could almost see through their wings. They were squawking a lot now. He had frightened them.

The sun must have gone down quite a long way. There wasn't so much warmth in it as there had been. He wondered what time it was. It seemed hours that he'd been on the ledge. Still no one had come. To the right, the beach was empty. To the left, the cliff jutted out. He wondered

Continuing . . . TWENTY FEET UP

from page 18

how long it would be before someone would come. It was getting cold.

His mother would be worried now, worried or angry. She'd be out looking for him, up and down the street. If she had to do the messages herself she'd be mad at him. She'd tell his father and he'd take a belt to him. They'd be mad all right. He'd been told to keep away from the beach and the cliffs, and always to come straight home from school. If only he hadn't wanted seagull eggs.

He didn't want to cry, but he couldn't help it. He was cold, lonely, and frightened. Why didn't someone come? It was sissy to cry, but no one would hear him. Only the birds. He hated the birds; they were where they were supposed to be, safe. The one that had been asleep had struggled up right to the edge of the nest.

"Go on, fall out, why don't you!" he shouted at it. Tears for himself streamed down his face. "Fall out and get killed. See if I care!" He brushed his wet cheek fiercely against his shoulder, feeling it dampen his shirt, but he couldn't stop himself from crying. Still nobody was coming.

It was much colder now. The light was turning gold and red all round him. The cliff was pink. If the sun was setting it must be quite late, and his mum and dad would be real mad at him. Maybe if they knew where he was they'd feel sorry, but now they'd just be mad at him.

Sharp cries, way out on the sea behind him, made him suddenly stiffen with renewed fear. Seagulls. The parent birds. What if they attacked him? What if they pecked and scratched at him until he fell from the cliff? In the sky they only looked such little things, white and swift and graceful. If they flew over you, you could see dark feathers on their tails and wing-tips. But up close they were big, especially when they were flying; their wings seemed enormous then, and their beaks long and cruel.

They'd attack him, thinking he was trying to steal their young. They'd peck at his skin, his eyes. He'd try to fight them off with his hands and he'd fall from the cliff. They'd be coming soon, coming in from the sea with food for their young. He had to get away before they came.

Slowly, slowly, still crying a little, he worked his way back to where he had broken the ledge. It was about three feet to the other side, he thought. On the ground he could stand astride that distance easily. But up here it was different.

twenty feet up, and the rocks below.

Having to hold on with both hands, he couldn't stretch his right leg out very far. His foot went only about two-thirds of the way across. If there was a good hand-hold on the other side he could maybe reach for that first, and try stretching his leg across afterwards.

But he couldn't see a good hand-hold there; the rock flutings were too small and frail-looking. They looked as though they'd break off if he put much weight on them. And to get his leg across he'd have to support nearly all of his weight on that hand.

Fear, frustration, loneliness, and fear gripped him again and, try as he would, he could not help the desperate sobe

● We cannot say the past is best without surrendering the future.
—Sir Winston Churchill

rattling up from inside him. His eyes were hot and wet with his tears till the shapes and patterns in the rock blurred and disappeared.

Then a new sound, trembling in the air around him, suddenly quietened him. Bells. Far away, they were; far away and yet rolling over the cliffs and out to sea, the bells of the convent. They told him it was six o'clock.

Six o'clock! He'd been on the ledge for two hours, and no one had come. The air around him was all red now. The pinks and golds were washed away. Grey and blue shadows were creeping into the cliff. There was no longer any warmth in the sun. The air was chill on his neck and arms and legs. Soon it would be dark, and no one had come.

Even if they did come at night, they might not be able to see him, and he might not see them. The awful terror of the night loomed over him, immense and hideous. He would have to keep awake all night or he would fall in his sleep. Fall on to the rocks below and never wake up.

At home they would be having tea now. Grilled chops. Tuesdays. Afterwards he should get ready to go to Scouts. But his parents wouldn't let him go now, for disobeying them. They'd be angry at him. Or else they'd be worried about him, too worried to eat.

They would be out looking for him, asking other people had they seen him, telling the

police. But would they ever think to look down at the beach? Would they think of him perched there, twenty feet up, and death waiting for him down below? His weeping quivered through him, shaking his whole body.

A man. Was it a man? Was that a man creeping along the beach so far away? Or was it just a shadow? Blue-grey haze drifted over the beach, making the patches of rocks and seaweeds assume queer shapes. It could be just a patch of seaweed appearing to shimmer in the dusk. But it looked like a man—a man walking. It had to be a man.

Fresh sobs surged up from his weeping, anxiety conflicting with relief. He watched the shadow carefully, hardly aware of his own sobbing, until his eyes ached with strain. It was a man, walking slowly, so slowly, pausing, then walking slowly again. Watching, his patience turned to anger because the man did not hurry.

He started to shout. He shouted at the top of his voice, crying for help, over and over again. His voice battered against the face of the cliff and echoed in the still air all around him, drowning the seagulls. The man just walked slowly. A few more minutes, and then he'd hear. He shouted again, as loud and long as he could this time.

A sudden movement close to him caught his eye. He turned quickly to see what it was. Squeaking cries drew his eyes and ears to the spot, the nest. One of the birds, bald and ugly, was struggling on the edge of the nest, tottering, twitching the sad little flaps of skin and bone that would one day grow into wings. The bald head jerked backwards and forwards, over the edge of the nest. His shouting had frightened the birds.

"Look out, you silly fool! You'll fall! You'll fall!"

A jerk, a totter, then another jerk. Right over the edge of the nest. He couldn't breathe; his heart thumped. He tried to reach over, to save it. The bird seemed to hover stupidly for a few moments, legs and wings and beak convulsing around the nude body. Then it slid away into the grey-blue air, down, down; then stopped. He could see it lying on a small dark patch in the rocks. All that way down. Was it dead?

It was such a little bird. He thought he could see it moving, down there on the rocks.

He stepped sideways, quick, short steps, grabbing into the rock with his hands, his heart beating wildly in his chest thinking of the fallen bird. The poor, fallen little bird. Pain rasped his knees, ripped into the flesh of his fingers. Something tore.

Under his feet the ledge ran out. He lurched sideways, stretched hard, felt the piercing rock slap against the palm of his hand. The poor little bird. He pushed himself with the other hand, dragged his right leg across, groped and grabbed, grasped downwards. Hand over hand. Foot below foot. A slither. A grab. Then down again. A jump. And then he ran across to the bird.

It wasn't dead. It didn't even look hurt. It had fallen on to one of the patches of seaweed in a pocket of rock and was tottering around. In his hand it was warm and soft. He could feel its tiny heart beating against his hand, like a watch ticking.

Out over the sea there were sharp shrill cries. The parent birds would be coming in now. Carefully he put the bird into his shirt pocket, stuffing his handkerchief around it to protect it from the face of the cliff. The poor little bird

Then he climbed back up again.

In the fading light he grappled and groped, stretched and struggled, panting. When he reached the nest he had to hang on with only one hand while he fumbled for the bird in his shirt pocket. Carefully he took it out, steadied himself, then replaced it in the nest. It squeaked at him. The other two birds squeaked, jerking themselves in the nest. He moved away quietly along the ledge to stop frightening them, four, five, six steps. And then he stopped. He had come to the break in the ledge.

How had he got down? How had he got himself across that break in the ledge? He looked down at the rocks below. They seemed more frightening than ever. The ledge was broken away for about three feet, easy to stride over on the ground, but not twenty feet up. How, how had he done it? How?

"Hey you, young 'un! Whatcha doin' up there?"

The man's voice startled him so that he nearly fell. He pulled his leg back quickly from trying to stretch it across the break. One great convulsive sob racked his body.

"I'm stuck. I can't get down."

"But I just saw you shin down and up them rocks like a flamin' lizard!"

"I—I can't get down."

"How did you get down before?"

"I—I can't remember." Then, because this sounded foolish: "The ledge has just broken away. I climbed up to put a little bird back in its nest, and the ledge broke. I can't get back along it to get down." It was a lie; the ledge had been broken before and he had got himself across it, twice. But how could he make the man understand? He couldn't understand it himself. "Will you go over to the pavilion, mister, and — and get me a ladder?"

"Are you all right up there?"

"Yes — yes, I'm all right. For a little while. Will you please bring me the ladder, mister?"

"Hold on carefully, young 'un. I'll be back soon."

He wasn't frightened now, waiting. He clung with his hurt hands to the rock, gripped his feet more securely on the ledge — and waited. But he wasn't at all frightened, not about having to wait. He looked at the broken ledge. How had he done it? How on earth had he done it? And twice, too. He couldn't understand; couldn't think how he had stepped across that break in the ledge. It made him feel such a fool.

They came with lights and a ladder. There were three men. Weird shadows swooped and jerked around him till they set the lights still. Then he heard them grunting and struggling to lift the ladder. The man who had found him kept talking to him. The top of the ladder smacked against the cliff just beneath his feet, then rasped a little on the rock.

He had to stretch down slowly, carefully, to reach it. His shadow followed him down the rungs. When he reached the bottom he thought he was going to cry. He didn't want to cry, not in front of these men, but he felt that he wouldn't be able to help himself. To stop himself from crying he looked up at one of the men holding the ladder and said:

"Please, what time is it, mister?"

"Going on for seven o'clock, kid. How long have you been stuck up there? Are you hurt? Are you all right?"

But he wasn't listening any more. Nearly seven o'clock. Cried, he'd get a wallowing when he got home.
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"Villa Mimosa"

Jerrard Tickell (Hodder & Stoughton).
Price 18/9.

An action-packed story set in France during World War II, centring on an isolated house near the German officers' mess in an evacuated zone forbidden to residents of a small town near the Pas de Calais. Charles, the local watchmaker, however, gains admittance to deliver a watch he has mended for a German colonel. Charles, who is really a British officer working in the Underground, explores the area on his bicycle, and discovers the hidden villa and its occupants—madame and six girls of varied nationalities. What happens after London receives Charles' report on the people in the villa could be dismissed as fantastic had not so many similar happenings occurred in France during the war. Wit, English understatement, and a touch of romance make a delicious mixture to enliven the plot.

"Don't Tell Alfred"

Nancy Mitford (Hamish Hamilton).
Price 18/9.

A satire on life in the British Embassy in Paris with Nancy Mitford's inimitable touch of charm so well remembered in "The Pursuit of Love" and later novels. Many of the characters of those books appear again, many years older, but still as irresistible—and a new adorable one makes her debut. This is Northey, a cousin of Fanny, whose husband, Alfred, an Oxford don, is the Ambassador.

Northey, with her eyes always brimming with tears over the cruel treatment of some poor dumb animal, is Fanny's social secretary. Every man falls in love with her. Meanwhile, Fanny's sons follow a modern pattern—two, after Oxford, become Teddy Boy and Zen Buddhist follower respectively, two more run away from Eton to follow a pop singer. Miss Mitford deals lovingly with Paris. Delightful, froth-and-bubble novel.

"Not at all," the doctor said. "You've been very co-operative. Now . . . I wonder if by any chance you have the memo—the piece of paper he wrote my name on."

"Gee . . ." The young man swept a hand over the counter, turned, looked behind him, then swept the counter again. "Well . . ." he said, bending out of sight. From the sound he seemed to be rummaging in a wastepaper basket.

His head popped into view. "Voila!" He handed the doctor a rumpled sheet of hotel stationery. The doctor smoothed it on the counter. A word that most certainly looked more like Mulroy than Mallory. Other scratching.

"May I have this?" he asked.

Continuing . . . BLINDFOLD

from page 23

The clerk shrugged. "Why not?"

The doctor went into a drugstore, ordered coffee and smoothed out the paper on the counter. The name, written three times, in a palsied hand. Then the words "Single room. I have stayed here before. Please."

The last word was underlined. The doctor had a momentary glimpse of Eric Mallory, in knit cap and pea jacket, looking up pleadingly at the clerk.

And when the clerk had said nothing was available he must have written the next words,

"Dr. Rich Fenton," with the correct phone number, followed by the words "Reference—vouch."

And at the very bottom the number 46 with an indecipherable word before it. Perhaps the number of the room that Mallory and Angela had shared in happier days.

The doctor sipped his coffee thoughtfully, studying the word. No, it was not "room." Nor was it "number." The first letter was a p. Could it be "pier?" Pier 46?

That was certainly what it appeared to be. But why? And why all this business about longshoremen and longshoremen's paraphernalia?

The doctor drained the cup and caught a taxi. "Pier 46, North River," he said.

It was still not quite eighty.

Untrodden snow lay before the huge grey shed. The gates were locked. No ships lay in the slips.

On this clear bright winter morning, the Intercontinental Import-Export Company looked as though all its business might be out on the high seas.

Its ports of call had a Conradian flavor: Manila, Hongkong, Bombay, Calcutta.

The doctor looked through a window, hoping to find a bulletin board or something that might list a sailing schedule.

He turned away. A cold wind was blowing from the river, whipping at his topcoat. A tug was passing just beyond the end of the slip. Its whistle blasted hoarsely, and a seagull took flight from a piling and flapped after the tug.

The tug was headed upstream and three blocks or so to the north he could see bustling activity at another pier. A continuous flow of taxis, stopping to discharge passengers and luggage. Smoke, bent by the wind from two orange stacks, drifted towards the city.

A liner leaving for the Caribbean perhaps, for a winter cruise.

The Caribbean, where, if he had followed the General's suggestion, he might now be.

He turned from the shed. Maybe he could get a listing from the "Times" shipping desk. Intent now on finding a taxi, he saw a man stoop and pick up a cigarette butt from the gutter.

The doctor approached. The man was squinting at the butt seemingly disgusted at its length. He wore a knit cap and a faded tan jacket over a turtle-neck sweater. "Can you tell me anything about this line here?" the doctor asked, offering him a cigarette. The man took two, and looked up, on the defensive. "Anything in or out recently?"

"Had one go out last Monday and another one go out yesterday morning. No. Morning before last."

"Do you know the name of that one?"

"On Thursday morning? She was . . ." The man frowned and rubbed at the white stubble that covered his chin. "Star of . . . Star of some darn thing. I forget."

"Do you know where she was headed?"

"Far East is all I know. All of 'em from that line go to the Far East."

"Thanks." The doctor offered the pack again. The man took three more. "Good luck," the doctor said and hailed a taxi.

T

THE doctor opened his wallet and fished out his A.M.A. membership card. "Good morning, Sergeant. My name is Fenton, M.D."

The sergeant looked at it without interest. He was a frail man who looked as if he might have an ulcer. Three half-pint cartons of milk were lined up before him on the desk, each with a straw.

"I just wondered," the doctor said, "if I could take a look at the ticker."

The sergeant waved his consent.

The teletype machine was pounding out a report on "Lawrence Hogan, W. M., 49 yrs." who had "jumped or fallen" from the roof of a building on Hudson Street. He was dead on arrival at St. Vincent's Hospital.

The doctor picked up the sheaf of reports from the previous days, and, beginning with 11.00 p.m. on Wednesday, he began leafing through the yellow sheets.

Presently he stopped. The report he was looking for was timed off at eleven o'clock Thursday morning. But the accident, if that was the proper word, had happened about three hours earlier.

An unidentified white male, approximately forty-five years old, weighing about 160 pounds and about five feet ten inches tall, had jumped or fallen from the deck of an out-bound freighter, the Star of Bombay, just off the Battery. He had been picked up by a bargeman named Johannsen.

The doctor stood reading the report a second and then a third time. Then he asked the sergeant for permission to use a telephone directory. He turned to the "J's."

Steam was coming from the stubby stack, and the coal barge seemed about ready to vacate the berth it occupied on the lower end of the East River.

"Are you Mr. Johannsen?" the doctor shouted.

A huge man in a blue-plaid shirt nodded, looked up from the stern line he had been about to cast off.

"Can I see you a minute?" the doctor called.

Mr. Johannsen seemed unenthusiastic. Dubiously he looked ahead toward the two

To page 53



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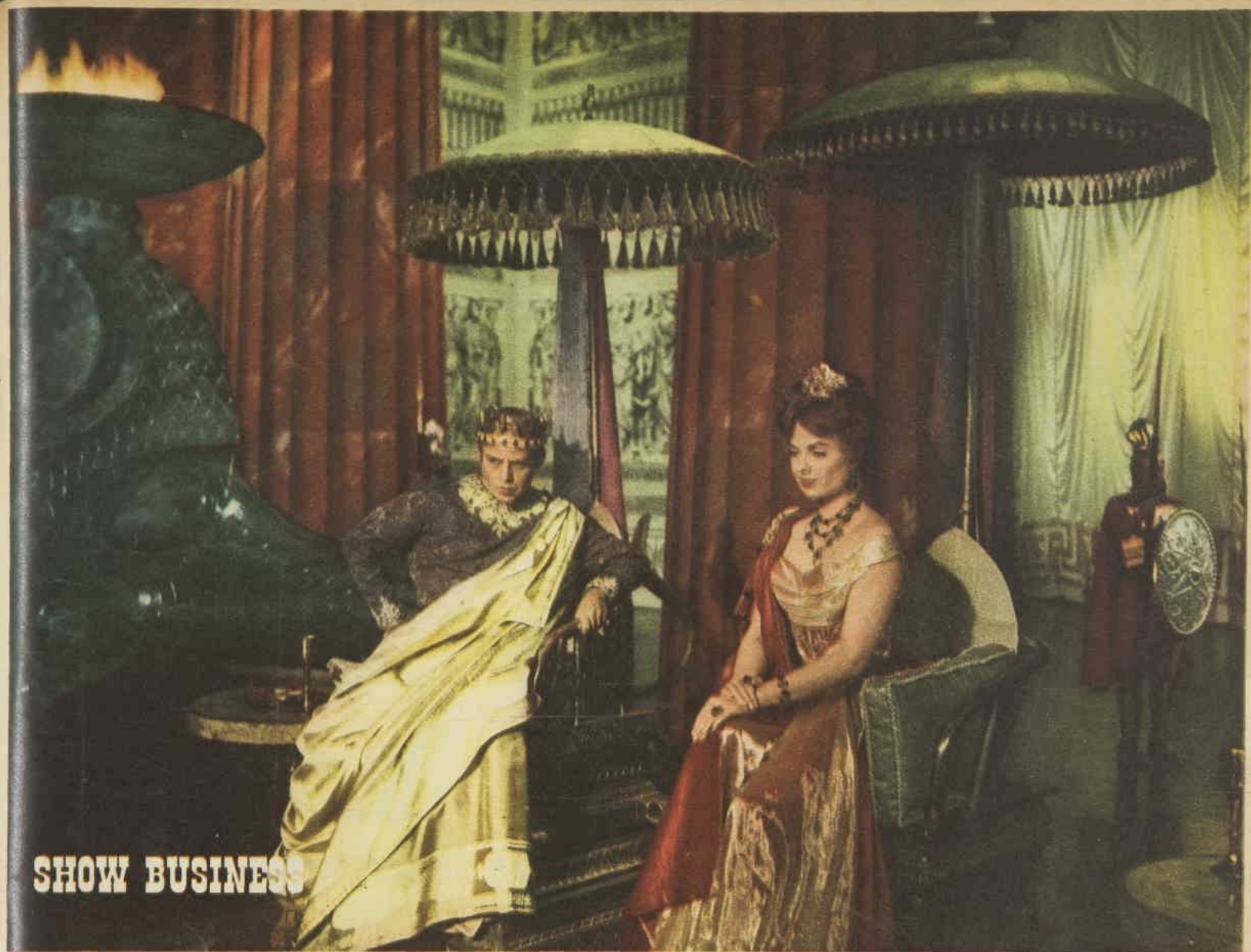
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SHOW BUSINESS

SPLENDOR of reception hall in the royal palace at Tiberias forms a dazzling background to this scene showing a preoccupied Herod Antipas (Herbert Lom) and Herodias (Martha Hyer). Film is in color.

"THE BIG FISHERMAN"



IDYLIC oasis interlude is shared by lovers Princess Fara (Susan Kohner) and Prince Voldi (John Saxon).

● Based on the best-selling biblical novel of Lloyd C. Douglas, "The Big Fisherman" stars former Broadway singer Howard Keel in the name-role, together with Susan Kohner, John Saxon, Martha Hyer, and Herbert Lom.



SIMON-PETER, The Big Fisherman (Howard Keel), offers shelter to the disguised Fara, whom he finds wandering near the Sea of Galilee after a great storm has raged.

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GUARANTEED 25 YEARS

It's a great day for local video

By NAN MUSGROVE

● They're hanging out the flags at Sydney's Channel 9 on February 10 to mark the big night of Made in Australia telecasting that starts there at 8.30.

THE premiere of "Top of the Town," the new live variety show, starts the programme.

It is followed by a new courtroom drama, "Consider Your Verdict," at 9.30, and at 10.30 "Some Jazz in Australia," the fourth of Channel 9's special Australian documentaries.

Two of the shows featured are purely Australian in cast and production. The third, "Top of the Town," has Australians and some top overseas stars.

Of the new shows, the most intriguing by far is "Consider Your Verdict," a new series of courtroom dramas, made in Melbourne at HSV7.

If it comes off, this unique show should be a winner.

Actors and actresses are used only rarely. Real people play the roles in these dramas, which aim to prevent dramatic

Prior to production, a complete legal brief of a case is written by a team of experienced dramatic writers.

Each person in the case must familiarise himself with the story as a whole and must memorise his own evidence. When he is called upon to give evidence on camera, he must do so in his own words.

Nothing seen on TV is rehearsed or scripted beforehand, except the role of the Court Reporter, played by actor Roland Strong.

Strong's continuing task throughout the series is to tell viewers what the case is about and to summarise evidence.

It certainly seems that Perry Mason and Boyd, Q.C. will have to look to their laurels.

"Ham" was the week's star

MY favorite viewing this week was Ham the Space Chimp (or one of his friends) being trained for his trip into



COUNSEL confer during a trial in "Consider Your Verdict." This unique TV show is made with the co-operation of the Victorian Crown Law Department, the Victorian Police Force, and the Department of Law at Melbourne University.

TELEVISION PARADE

trials of people facing criminal charges in an Australian court.

Real policemen, solicitors, barristers, court officials, and clerks are used.

The whole series is produced under the eagle eye of the Victorian Crown Law Department, the Police Force, and the Department of Law at Melbourne University.

Hector Crawford, of Crawford Productions, the firm producing the series in collaboration with HSV, told me that the law authorities were eager to co-operate with them.

"They are concerned about the image of the law that is created in the public mind through TV shows that purport to show trials as they are conducted in America and England," he said.

"This will show the machinery of law and the conduct of criminal trials according to Australian law.

"The judges, barristers, and legal men are all real legal men who appear under assumed names.

"If we have a case about a woman journalist, we find a woman journalist who will play the role," he said. "If we have one about a socialite, which we have, we find a socialite."

What makes the series so intriguing is the surprise element that is always present in an unscripted situation, and the fact that no one concerned with the case knows the outcome till the jury — empaneled specially to hear the case — gives its verdict before the eyes of the TV camera.

space, and in an A.B.C. documentary the scientists who work in the hot cells at Lucas Heights Atomic Reactor.

They looked like men from Mars as they worked, wearing protective clothing, with the long-armed metal "hands" that they used so deftly.

Parts of this ABC-TV documentary with the scientists working in the heart of the laboratories protected by shields of steel and concrete was top-class suspense stuff.

Square songs sung square

"AN EVENING WITH MITCH MILLER" on Channel 7 was one of the most tuneful, relaxing, and pleasant hours of TV I've enjoyed for ages.

The surprise of the show was the male choir. They were a lot of old squares, round 40, who sang square songs square — in tune — and harmonised as harmonisers should.

The songs ranged nostalgically through almost every period of the 20th century.

There was Sweet Rosie O'Grady, This Old Man, The Beer Barrel Polka, Baby Face, Singing in the Rain, and many others, and Miss Diana Trask bringing us right up to 1961, singing A Guy is a Guy.

Miss Trask is terrific, she looks and sounds better than ever. There's no doubt about American methods of grooming for stardom.

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only the
taste is
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EXPECTANT MOTHER?
SWOLLEN LEGS?**

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English Fully-fashioned Nylon

"INVISILON"
Corrective Stockings
(Invisible under sheer nylons)
Prescribed by Doctors
ASK YOUR CHEMIST

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New "INVISILON" Stockings combine the Sheerness and Fashion you want; and are the only Seamless Nylon Corrective Stockings in the World that give the correct, approved, tension-support to the legs all day!

Trade Enquiries: COSMAC, Box 314, P.O., Haymarket, Sydney.

**LAYETTE
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A set of simple, practical patterns for a baby's first layette is available from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. The set — price 3/6, post free — includes two nightgowns, two dresses, petticoat, matinee jacket, carrying-coat, sunsuit, flannel pilchers, and bonnet.

Note: Please print names and addresses clearly.

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relief from
RHEUMATISM**



is within your grasp. People unable to lead normal lives, because of Rheumatic pain, find A.R. TABS soon have them walking and working easily. Quickly and efficiently A.R. TABS spread relief to all parts of the body stricken with Rheumatism. Buy today the positive Rheumatic relief — 8/6 and 15/- at all Chemists.

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The new **METTERS** Custom GL56 is big and beautiful

Big enough to cook for the larger-than-average family, beautiful enough to win a prize, packed with all the features you've ever dreamed about in a gas cooker, the all-new Metters Custom GL56 will bring much more than just a touch of cooking magic into your home.

LOOK AT THESE

wonderful new features:

1. 'Minute-Minder' Cooking Timer.
2. Easy-action, self-locking controls.
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5. One-piece enamel spillage bowls.
6. Easy-clean, one-piece styling.
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10. Fibre-glass door seals.
11. Large thermostatically controlled oven.
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Only Gas gives you instant high heat on all top burners, perfect oven and temperature control and fast, smokeless heat for grills. Gas saves money, too. There's no wait and no waste with the fast flame of Gas. You pay only for the heat you use. That's why more and more people are cooking with Gas — the most modern of fuels.

This cooker carries the N.G.A. badge of approval—your guarantee of quality.



If you live beyond the Gas mains, use L.P. (bottled) Gas and appliances.

 **The flame is the reason
why Gas cooks best!**



METTERS NEW RANGE HOOD RIDES YOUR KITCHEN OF COOKING ODOURS

Deodorize and purify kitchen air. A METTERS Range hood absorbs all kitchen odours, smoke, grease-carrying vapours and cooking smells. It purifies the air, eliminates steaming and stops greasy film forming on walls and furnishings. METTERS Range Hoods are neat and attractive and will fit over any kitchen range. Two sizes, 24" and 42". Can be installed in a matter of minutes.

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magic
of being
a woman...



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There's no finer talc at any price than
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Three Flowers face powder, is wonderfully
light in texture. It makes every tiny line and crease quickly disappear
from your complexion. Try it. Seven of the newest shades
to choose from. ONLY 4/11.



● Bradford Dillman, as St. Francis of Assisi, in
a new film.

New Films

With Miriam Fowler

★★★ Excellent ★★ Above average
★ Average No star—poor

★★ THE WACKIEST SHIP IN THE ARMY

Though this crazy comedy
tickles the funnybone, it's no
"Some Like It Hot." Skipper
Jack Lemmon is detailed to
deliver a creaky schooner to
New Guinea, pick up Aussie
scout Chips Rafferty, and
smuggle him on to a Japanese
occupied island to report
enemy manoeuvres. A slick
funnyman, Lemmon steers his
junk—and the show—to suc-
cess, using junior officer
Ricky Nelson as a foil. In
his minor role Chips is a treat.
Droll, nasal, and maty, he
brings plenty of laughs.—
State, Sydney.

In a word . . . BREEZY.

for the patient's wife, wistful
Barbara Rush, and the
advances of shapely nurse
Angie Dickinson. In a cre-
cendo of despair he mucky-
kills . . . and the drama goes
on.—Century, Sydney.

In a word . . . TRAGIC.

★ BLONDE IN HOSTAGE

Some effective shots in the
back streets and alleys of
Stockholm help build up ten-
sion, while Mark Miller plays
the American reporter whose
eye for the ladies leads him to
the heart of a notorious dope
ring. Anita Thallaug gives a
fair performance as a drug-
addicted striptease girl used
as a cover for the gang.—P.F.,
Capitol, Sydney.

In a word . . . UNSURPRISING

★★ THE VIRTUOUS BIGAMIST

A sentimental little story
about a French provincial girl,
Giulia Rubini, who is expect-
ing a child, but is without a
husband. Fernandel, with his
funny-ugly face, and playing
just an ordinary chocolate
salesman with a kind heart,
saves the film from being too
much of a tear-jerker.

Giulia carries her one facial
expression—deep remorse and
unhappiness—to a tedious ex-
treme, but the supporting
characters are wonderful.
Scenery is beautifully photo-
graphed.—K.W., Palladium,
Sydney.

In a word . . . DELIGHTFUL.

★ THE BRAMBLE BUSH

This spicy, small-town in-
trigue is an overdose in dram-
atics. The cast suffer—but I
couldn't jerk a tear.

A successful city doctor,
Richard Burton returns to his
childhood home to attend a
dying friend, Tom Drake.
Plagued by bitter memories, he
is further agonised by Drake's
plea for release, his own love

Movie gossip

ROBERT WAGNER has
long wanted to break
away from 20th Century-Fox,
where his contract has kept
him bound to limited activity
in absence of suitable roles.
The time to make a break
has now come, and Bob's first
move was to sign another pact,
but this time with Columbia
Pictures, and on a non-exclu-
sive basis—meaning he can
make films for other com-
panies.

★ ★ ★

HOLLYWOOD'S happiest
twosome is producer Ross
Hunter and vivacious actress
Martha Hyer. The pair are
dating steadily, and close
friends say, "Ross wants to
marry Martha, but she isn't
sure."

Continuing . . . BLINDFOLD

from page 48

grows, laden with coal and attached end to end, which he was set to shove from the berth. The lead scow's nose was sticking out into the river. "Very important," the doctor shouted.

The giant mounted a pile of coal and peered out again towards the end of the ship. Then he clumped back to the deck, throttled down the engine, took a turn in the stern line, and motioned the doctor to come aboard.

The doctor leaped the two feet separating the barge from the dock, stumbled a step or two and came up hard against the small cabin at the after end, feeling far from nautical.

"Sorry to hold you up like this," the doctor said. He introduced himself. Johannsen offered a huge hand. Pale blue eyes peered out from a face beamed with coal dust.

"I'd like to ask you something about that man you picked out of the river the other morning," the doctor said.

"Yeah, I picked him up down near the Battery. Are you his doctor?"

"That's right."

"He said he didn't want any doctor," Johannsen began to fill a pipe. "I tried to get him a doctor."

"Can you tell me how it all happened?" Dr. Fenton asked.

"Well, it was about eight o'clock in the morning . . . About eight o'clock in the morning, Johannsen was just off the lower tip of Manhattan when he saw the man go over the side of the freighter, almost in the path of the Staten Island ferry. The ferry pilot had to back water and swerve. The freighter kept going."

"I signalled to the ferry that I'd pick him up. I threw him a line. By the time I got him aboard the freighter's almost out of the Narrows, going like hell. It looked like they don't even notice he goes overboard."

JOHANNSEN at on a keg and lit the pipe.

"Did you catch the freighter's name?"

"Star of Bombay," she was. Johannsen shook his head. "Twelve degrees that morning. Enough to kill a man. Lucky I got him as soon as I did. I guess he wasn't in the water more than five minutes at most. Good thing, too."

Johannsen had put in near the Fulton Fish Market and had gone ashore to call a doctor.

"I tell him to stay in the cabin and try to get warm. His lips were blue and his teeth were chattering and his eyes watering. Wonder he wasn't dead."

"So you went ashore?"

"Yeah, and when I get back he'd gone. Disappeared. So I decide I better report it to the police." A moment longer Johannsen puffed reflectively at his pipe.

"He was so cold he could hardly talk." Rising, he started to unhitch the stern line. "That's all I know about it," he said.

"You mean he did talk?" the doctor asked.

"He said something about going over to Red China to make spaceships for the Chinks."

"Said he was going to the moon. Hah! He had a very bad stuttering."

"Did he say anything else?"

"No. He just sat there with his teeth chattering." Johannsen dropped the line on the deck and stood holding the barge in with his huge hand over the piling.

"You'll have to excuse me now, Doctor. I'm late."

As the lift clanged shut behind him, he heard the telephone ringing. He hurried for the door of the office, pulling his key case from his pocket.

But it was not Mallory. "Dr. Fenton? Sergeant Oliver, East 51st Street. Say, Doc, do you know a man named Mulroy?"

"Could it be Mallory, Sergeant?" He began to perceive that the slight difference in names was not a garbling but Mallory's pitiable attempt at an alias.

"Might be. We've got it as Mulroy. We picked him up near the U.N. building early this morning, stretched out cold. After we got him up here he said he was a patient of yours."

The other telephone began ringing.

"Right, Sergeant," the doctor said. "He's my patient. Thanks. I'll be right down."

"Wait! Hold it!" the sergeant said. "He's not here. We sent him down to Bellevue."

"Is he sick?"

"Sick and off his rocker both."

The other call was Louisa asking if the sergeant had reached him. The sergeant had tried him at home first.

"Why didn't you call me to get your breakfast?" Louisa said, and then began on the inadequacy of toast and coffee.

He cut her short.

Although he had never been on the staff at Bellevue, the doctor knew a psychiatrist there.

He dialled the number swiftly.

"Dr. Adams, please."

A voice said, "Psychiatric."

"Dr. Adams, please. Dr. Richard Fenton calling."

"Dr. Adams will be in later. Could Dr. Willis help you?"

"Thanks, I'll speak to him."

"Dr. Willis speaking." It was a woman.

"Dr. Willis, this is Dr. Richard Fenton."

"Oh yes, Fenton." She was impressed.

"Do you have a patient there named Mallory? He might be listed as Mulroy. Sent over from the 51st Street station?"

"The one found near the U.N.? Yes, he's here. Is he your private patient, doctor?"

"He is—a friend," he answered after a moment's pause. "How is he?"

"I haven't examined him personally, doctor, but I understand his condition is critical. Severe exposure, I believe, and shock. I'll check."

She left the line and he waited. When she returned her voice was sympathetic.

"I'm awfully sorry, doctor. It's pneumonia."

"I'll be right over, Dr. Willis."

He did not wait for the lift. He took the service stairs, two at a time.

Dr. Willis was soft-spoken, intelligent and extremely feminine. Leading him down the corridor she said, "I checked him over after I talked with you, doctor. It's in both lungs."

"Dr. Adams will be in at eleven?"

"Maybe sooner. He's a hard worker."

He followed her into the ward.

It was jammed with beds, but clean and sunny. At this hour of the morning, most of the patients were wide awake—men of all ages, colors, sprawled on the beds, wandering about, reading newspapers or listening to their radios. Some called to Dr. Willis, but with her quick light step she led the doctor on to a far corner.

Here under a high-barred window lay a man—with a blond-bearded face. He lay on his back. His eyes were closed. He was breathing laboriously through his mouth. A tiny pulse moved in his temple.

He had light brown hair, sparse across the top, and one stray lock of it lay across his brow. His features were finely chiselled.

"Respirations are forty per minute and temperature is a hundred and four," said Dr. Willis, handing him the chart. "A hundred and four?" Dr. Fenton said.

"Yes, I'm afraid so, doctor. I think I'd better order the oxygen and antibiotics without waiting for Dr. Adams."

"Yes, please do."

She walked briskly away.

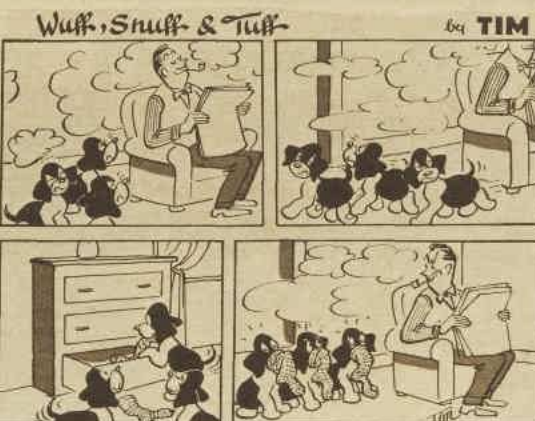
The breathing was very shallow. The hand upon the blanket looked very limp—a hand which quite obviously had never known much manual labor.

Dr. Fenton bent over the bed. "Good evening," he said. "I am Dr. Richard Fenton. . . I have come to help you."

He repeated the words—as close to his old manner as was possible—in a low voice. Once. Then twice.

The man inhaled. There was

FOR THE CHILDREN



a flutter of the hand upon the sheet. Then the eyes opened. They were ice-blue, but deeply clouded now.

"F-Fenton . . . ?"

"Yes."

The eyes flickered over the doctor's face, in surprise, then disbelief, then trust. A feeble smile turned up the corners of the mouth. "T-thank you . . ."

The eyes closed. The shallow breathing once again resumed.

The hesitancy, the humility, the feeling of essential decency. This was unmistakably the man that he had treated. The man he had liked. And that voice was real. Looking down at the heaving chest, he felt overwhelmed with pity.

AN old man with bright eyes leaned up on one elbow in the adjoining bed. "Gone?" he chirped expectantly.

"No," said the doctor.

Dr. Willis was returning. Close behind her came the oxygen equipment. A mask was once more being placed over the face of Eric Mallory.

Outside in the corridor, Fenton drew Dr. Willis aside. "Doctor," he said, "I can't emphasize too strongly how vital it is to save this man. He is not only a close personal friend of mine. He is—" Dr. Fenton paused. Mallory, anonymous, was safer here than anywhere. "He is a man of extraordinary intellect. Great ability."

Behind the rimless glasses, her soft, dark eyes grew softer.

"I'm not going to try to tell you how to run your business," Dr. Fenton said. "I'm not going to suggest specialists. I've got friends I might recommend, of course, but there's no better hospital than Bellevue, and I know you'll do all in your power. I might say that if a private room would help, please see that he gets one."

Spare nothing. Whatever expense is involved, I'll pay personally."

"You know we'll do everything possible, Doctor."

"Thank you very much, Doctor. I'll keep checking."

Essential as Mallory's life might be, it was not the only life at stake. For if the doctor's calculations were correct, then Angela's life was at stake as well.

Dr. Fenton settled back in the cab, trying to relax, trying not to be irritated by the driver's crawling progress through the heavy cross-town traffic.

The morning was going. It had been early when that first call came. But more than three hours now had been consumed by the zigzag trail to—absolute proof. He had it now. There was no longer doubt in his mind. The evidence was overwhelming.

The arrogant, smug "Mallory," the man the General

would be deep, deep in enemy territory, but now hell-bent for any out. Would one frail woman stop him? Not such a man, or such a group of men, who had risked so much and now deceived so many. The fact remained that unless Angela Mallory used her wits or possessed a gun, she would be dead by midnight at the very latest. She might be murdered simply to cover up the crime.

It was in his, Richard Fenton's, power, to save her life. All he had to do was get through to the General.

That's all.

"Good morning, Doctor." Fortified with a container of coffee, Edna was opening the mail.

"Good morning," he said absently, and swept past her desk into the consulting room. Closing the door, he dialled the operator and placed a call to Army Intelligence at the Pentagon.

He reached a Major Somebody.

"This is Dr. Richard Fenton in New York," the doctor said. "I'm trying to reach Lieutenant-General Leonard Atwood. In fact, it's absolutely vital that I reach him, and I wonder if you could help me."

"I'm sorry, sir, but he has no office in this section."

"Do you know of a General Atwood?"

The major seemed to hesitate. "His name is not immediately familiar to me, sir. Let me have you switched to Colonel Lawrence." The major flashed the operator. "Switch to 76432, please."

And then a woman's voice. "Colonel Lawrence's office."

"May I speak to Colonel Lawrence, please?"

"I'm sorry. Colonel Lawrence is not at his desk at the moment. May I help you?"

"I'm trying to reach a General Atwood. I was switched to Colonel Lawrence."

"General Atwell?" she asked.

"Atwood." Patiently he spelled it.

"Perhaps Colonel Lawrence can help you. Could you call back?"

"This is Army Intelligence, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

He sighed. "Could you take a message for Colonel Lawrence, please. This is Dr. Richard Fenton in New York. It is absolutely vital that I reach General Atwood. This is a matter of national emergency. Will you have Colonel Lawrence or somebody, anybody, do whatever can be done to

To page 54

CORNS
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No more corn pain, not even a twinge, since I tried Dr. Scholl's Zino Pads. They lift shoe pressure, stop friction, remove corns so easily, so safely. They're wonderful! 3/3 pkt. at Chemists, Stores, Scholl depots.

Dr. Scholl's ZINO PADS

Your baby does best on FAREX

... weaning age through toddler stage, this fine infant cereal provides first-class balanced nourishment.

(3-6 months) First teeth and ready for Farex

Now baby weighs from 12 to 17 lbs. — gains 5-7 ozs. a week. First teeth appear. Baby sits up. First Farex meals begin.

(6-9 months) Marvellous, we're mobile.

Weight 17-20 lbs., gaining 4-6 ozs. a week. More teeth. Crawling. Standing up in play pen. Increase Farex feeds.

(9-12 months) Now the mischief starts.

Weight 20-22 lbs., gaining 4-6 ozs. a week. Up to eight teeth. Stands up, staggers round. First words. Keep up the Farex.

(12-18 months) Look who's walking.

Weight 22-25 lbs. Side teeth. Walks well. More words. Eats with a spoon. Clean in habits. Needs Farex for sturdiness.

(18 months-2 years) Look who's talking.

Weight 25-28 lbs. Most teeth through. Quite a conversationalist. Connoisseur, too, of the many delightful ways you can serve Farex.

(2-5 years) Watch it, we're growing up.

Weight 28-40 lbs. Plays, draws, models. Likes other children. Continue with Farex.

FEED FAREX TILL FIVE AND WATCH BABY THRIVE.

Nourishing Farex is rich in added vitamins and minerals. No cooking needed — Farex is ready-to-serve in so many delicious ways — blended cereal or rice cereal.

YOUR CHEMIST RECOMMENDS FAREX

Ask for the Free Farex Weaning and Recipe Booklet

have the General telephone me, please?"

"I'll be happy to give Colonel Lawrence your message."

He hung up and put his head in his hands, rubbing his eyes, massaging his temples.

Damn a system that involved a man deeply, that gave him crucial responsibility, and yet kept him blindfold, cut off as completely as if he had been on another planet.

A system that had outwitted itself by its very secrecy.

There was a tap at the door. Edna pushed it open. "Would you like some coffee, Doctor?"

"No, thanks," he said. "Yes, I think maybe I would. Wait a minute." Edna's presence was finally registering. "What are

you doing in here on Saturday?"

She smiled. "We have some appointments today, Doctor. Don't you remember? The ones we cancelled the day of the snow?"

"Oh, no!" he groaned. "All right. We'll have to cancel them again."

"Are you sure, Doctor?"

"Yes. Cancel them for me, please . . . and then, if you could run down and get me some coffee . . ."

She closed the door and he reached behind him for the Brooklyn directory and checked the Romagna number again. The report, as before, was that

the phone had been disconnected. Other Romagnas? They might be related. They might know the name of the town where Angela Mallory lived, even though it was a government installation. He tried four Romagnas. None had ever heard of Angela or Victor.

He sat drumming on the desk. So now what? Wait for the General to call willy-nilly? Or for the absent Colonel Lawrence to track him down? It was beginning to be doubtful, he thought grimly, that there was a General.

Continuing . . . BLINDFOLD

from page 53

But of course there was a General. And wherever he might be, he'd certainly come running in response to a front-page headline, wouldn't he?

Maybe the surest way to flush the General out of limbo would be to call a newspaper or a wire service and spill the story.

He sat pondering the idea. But that would be assuming to himself authority and experience that he did not have. It was a story that could have untold consequence on an entire nation. It might even be construed as treason. There had been high policy, world policy behind that oath of secrecy.

And he had taken that oath. The oath had not been lifted.

"A ruthless race . . ."

No. It was to be hoped that Stevens or the General would call. Or that he could somehow reach Base X.

Base X.

That was where the General was, of course — incommunicado — supervising "Mallory's" departure. There, at Base X. Everybody was still at Base X. A place that possibly was a mystery to Intelligence proper, for it was no government installation, just an old rundown house. Base X was the point of stress, not Washington. If he could reach it before tonight, he could not only reach the General, he could stop the double . . .

He groaned silently.

By tonight. A house he had never seen. A place he had been taken to in a plane with sealed-up windows. Roads concealed from view by a blindfold. But — there were features of it that he knew. Things that he had learned through smell, through touch, through hearing. And there was one room he had seen.

A beautiful, an unusual room. Its details were as familiar as this office. Marvellous old wallpaper, a fine old chandelier, a marble mantel. It was a room that had known elegance. It existed now as in some fourth dimension. But before the General came, it must have had a history.

He sat a moment more. At first the scheme seemed too absurd, far-fetched. Not to mention time-consuming. But it was worth a try. Trying was better than sitting here all day.

"Edna," he walked excitedly to the outer office.

"We need somebody to make telephone calls. Do you know somebody we could get here in a hurry?"

She frowned. "Here? For what? Just phoning? Well, my cousin Gloria . . ."

"Is she old enough to use the phone intelligently?"

"She's eighteen. Not terribly bright, but bright enough, I guess."

"How soon can you get her here?"

"If she's home and there's money involved, I'm sure she'd be able to get here in nothing flat." Edna smiled.

"There's money involved." Returning to his consulting room, he telephoned Bellevue and learned that Eric Mallory was still on critical, no better and no worse.

He then took a battered atlas from his shelves and spread it open on the desk.

" . . . land in the creek." He recalled the pilot's words — the smell of swampy inland water, the footbridge and the gravel.

HE traced the trickles and curves of blue. The State could be Virginia or Maryland, or possibly even North Carolina. A two-hour plane ride in a two-engine plane — and south. The smell of honeysuckle, the warmer air — and that mosquito. He looked at the eastern arm of Maryland, a maze of rivers, and creeks, and coves, and inlets. But on the other hand, the part of Maryland on the western side of the Chesapeake was very similar. And so was Virginia, both eastern shore and western shore.

On a sheet of his letterhead stationery he drew three columns, heading them Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina.

Twenty minutes later he was addressing Edna and the tall, dark young woman, who was her cousin Gloria.

"Can you type, Gloria?"

"No."

"All right then, Edna, you make a carbon, please." Edna slipped the paper into her machine. "Okay? Take this down."

"One: It is on an island off some woods in a cove or bay. Two: It is frame, old, and possibly eighteenth century. Three: It has a drawing-room with Chinese wallpaper, red with a gold design of mandarin. There is a pier-glass mirror over the marble fireplace in this drawing-room and a crystal chandelier.

"Four: It is approached by a short wooden footbridge, there is a lawn in front, a wooden picket gate, and then an old brick sidewalk leading to some shallow steps. It has a wide front porch.

"Five: One of the features is a boxwood garden in front. This boxwood is high and must be very old. It borders the brick sidewalk.

To page 55

'Look girls— have you seen these new eiderlon briefs?'

THEY'RE A NEW COTTON MIXTURE



So wonderful to wear . . . fabulous Eiderlon. A rich, luxury fabric that stays super soft all its long life . . . Eiderlon makes the nicest briefs ever . . . briefs that cling to your curves in perfect fit. They're sanitized too for lasting freshness. And the price? An amazingly low **7/6**

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Opaque nylon brief with an everlast elastic waistband and elastic legs. White, Pink, Black. SSW-OS. **9/11**

Heavy-quality Viscose-Glovesilk brief with everlast elastic waistband and elastic legs. White, Pink. SSW-OS. **7/11**

Wonderfully soft stretch-Banlon brief in gay colours. White, Pink, Persian Pink, Morning Star Blue and Black. Small, Large, Average. **12/6**

Wonderfully soft and cosy Cotton Interlock briefs with comfortable banded leg. White, Pink. SSW to OS. **7/11**

Heavyweight nylon slip with permanently pleated bustline, backed with 15 Denier, edged with Alencon lace. Matching lace edges the deeply pleated hemline. Beautifully cut for perfect fit, styled in proportioned lengths. White, Pink, Blue, Black. 32"-42" Bust. **67/6**

from page 54

"Six: The house's furnishings include a pie-crust mahogany table, an antique, two blue wing chairs, possibly antiques, and an eighteenth-century pattern tea and coffee silver service."

"Seven: It is about twenty minutes by car from a large estate or a country inn or summer resort."

"That's all. Now, ladies . . ." He rolled the sheets from the machine. "One copy for each. Gloria, you can use this phone here. And now I'll explain." He smiled at them. "You ladies are going to buy a house today. That house. By noon, I hope."

"Are you getting married, Doctor?" Edna looked flabbergasted.

"No. This is a house I've seen. I like it and I want it in a hurry."

"Where is it?" ventured Gloria, twisting her hair.

"That's a good question," the doctor said. "I don't know."

"You don't know?" Edna and Gloria exchanged glances.

He set the atlas before them. "I'm assuming it's in either Maryland, Virginia, or North Carolina. It has to be. And it's up to you ladies to find it for me. Now I'm assuming again that the place I want is on the water, and I know it has to be within two hundred and fifty or three hundred miles of New York. Now you'll see from this atlas that there are certain counties in both States that border the Chesapeake. I think this place is more likely to be on the Chesapeake side than on the ocean side."

"In any event I've picked out the counties I want, and I've made a list of them, and here's the list." He placed it on the desk. "I want you ladies to call up real estate offices in each county and find that house."

"By noon?" Edna looked pained. "That's like trying to find a needle in a haystack."

"You are perfectly right," he told her, grinning. "But I want that house. And real estate salesmen are amazing. They'll do anything to make a sale, and they have a knowledge of local lore and historical houses that beats any history book."

"Edna, you take Virginia. Gloria, you take Maryland. Let's leave North Carolina till last."

"But, Doctor," Edna protested. "Your phone bill is going to be enormous."

"I'm sure of it," he said. "Now there's one thing we haven't covered. Do you know what it is?"

"Of course," said Edna. "Just how do we get the names of these real estate companies we're supposed to call?"

"Exactly," he said. "In each State—Annapolis for Maryland, and Richmond for Virginia—there will be a State real estate commission or board or some such equivalent wording. Start out by calling them, and ask for the names of real estate agencies—at least two or three for each county on the list. Then you're on your own."

It was at least an attempt at double-teaming. For, as they moved hesitantly into action, he continued with calls of his own.

He reached Professor Roy Carroway between classes at Columbia.

"Eric Mallory?" said Carroway. "Sure, Dick, I know him. Or rather, know of him. I met him once at Princeton. Very bright chap. No, I haven't the faintest idea of what he's doing now. Atomic rockets? Very interesting. Well, I should think by far the most logical spot would be Cape Canaveral."

Cape Canaveral was an impossibility. According to the

General, the patient had been moved from his home to Base X by automobile.

Even though he could pinpoint Base X only vaguely, he could certainly legitimately estimate that from Florida to a point 250 miles from New York would be a trip of approximately one thousand miles. A good two-day auto trip, and certainly not the ideal means for transporting a demented man wearing a pillowslip. No. He had the feeling that Base X was only a short auto ride from Mallory's home. Just a hunch, but at this point he had to go with his hunches. Time was short.

Through the open doorway he could see Gloria, and from the few snatches he overheard he would not give her any accolade for Telephone Personality.

Edna, on the other hand, was a demon. He could hear her dialling, snapping out numbers to the long-distance operator. "Yes, Operator, that is correct. Yes. That is correct." Edna loved a challenge.

He smiled. The smile faded. He got up and stood at the window, thinking of Mallory as he had looked in the hospital ward. A strange feeling to realise that he alone in the entire nation knew where Mallory was now. His hand hit the window-sill. Of course, that's why he'd been followed—the man on the street, the man with the binoculars—while Mallory had been trying to telephone him. Mallory had got away from them. Them Arbuthnot—Fitzgerald. He must have done the research necessary. Could he have been the impersonator?

Victor Romagna? Fenton thought of the dirty bills in his safe, of Victor's almost simple-minded attempt to bribe him. But he hadn't asked where Mallory was, he had wanted only to keep Mallory away from his sister. Simple-minded. Fenton thought again, that was the key to Victor, not the stuff of which conspirators and spies are made.

How about Mr. Green? Mr. Green had left specific phone numbers, specific promises. And though the doctor had turned the originals in, he had kept a record of those letters.

Would it be possible to make a "deal" To outthwink the hoodwinkers?

He headed for the room where the office safe was housed. In the safe he saw Romagna's wad of bills. Behind them was a small folded slip of paper on which he had written down the three phone numbers.

Returning to the other room, he dialled first the Plaza number. There was no answer.

Next he placed a person-to-person call to Mr. Green at the Plainfield, New Jersey, number.

A child, a girl of perhaps eight or nine, answered.

"Mr. Green, please," the operator said. "Long distance calling."

"My daddy is not home," the child said.

"What is your daddy's name, dear?" the operator said.

"My daddy's name is Joseph Stevens."

"Cancel it, please, operator," he said.

The significance of this penetrated slowly. As a test, he then placed a call to Major Brown at the number Green had given in Annandale, Virginia.

"I'm sorry, Major Brown is not in," a woman said. "He cannot be reached for several days. But if you would like to leave your number . . ."

"No thanks, operator," the doctor said. "Cancel it."

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from page 55

His first reaction was one of fury. A fake, engineered by the General. A matter of extra checks and balances. A way of testing his loyalty—or, to be more exact, of testing his obedience. Testing to see whether he would turn the letters in; whether he would call the numbers. It was small consolation to recall that the letters had stopped coming after he had told of Fitzgerald's visit and had offered to risk the danger.

From the next room, the voices rose and fell in steady feminine counterpoint. The chatter reminded him of something.

"How is it going, ladies?" he called.

"It's fun," Gloria thrilled. "Most of them say they'll have to call us back, doctor," Edna chirped back briskly.

Birds. Yes, there was a curious similarity . . .

He wished that at some time in his life he had taken a course in navigation. Then, like a bird, he could have sensed the course of those flights. He wondered if the plane had had a navigator. He thought of the young negro pilot and of La Guardia.

He called the tower at La Guardia.

The young man who answered was co-operative. The private plane which had left La Guardia at 7.00 p.m. on the day specified was the property of a Mr. Arnold Donahue. Its destination was a private airfield.

"Do you know where I might reach him?"

"No, but you might try Washington. I believe he was once a member of Congress."

He tried to place a call. But Washington Information had no listing for a Mr. Arnold Donahue. Like Throckmorton, Mr. Donahue was doubtless an old-time friend of the General.

It was by now eleven-thirty.

"A nice little old town named Bridgewater . . ."

He could still hear Dr. Throckmorton's voice.

He tried.

Information's voice down there was syrupy and sleepy.

"No, Operator, Dr. Throckmorton doesn't have any office here. To tell you the truth, I think he's left town. He used to live over at Miss Gibson's house." She gave him a number.

"Hello, Miss Gibson, I'm calling from New York. Have you any idea of Dr. Throckmorton's whereabouts."

"I sure haven't," came the reply. "And far as I'm concerned, I don't care if I never know. Stinky, nasty old . . . dirty old . . ."

He hung up, thinking that Dr. Throckmorton might be called many things, but certainly not dirty. At least not outwardly. He had a fetish for cleanliness.

Dead ends. Hidden like a charm. And a monster at large, but protected as though in cotton-wool, ready to commit God-knows-what the minute the General took his leave from the Mallory home.

It was just about noon when the storm broke.

One call after another. It was his job to take the incoming calls, while Edna and Gloria pushed on.

By one the incoming calls were dwindling, and he called a halt. They hadn't found a thing. Beyond this city with its slush and sunshine, in a world of woods and water, lay one old house.

It was undoubtedly a piece of government property.

He sent for sandwiches and coffee. Only Gloria still hung on, her face aglow. Finally, tapped on the shoulder by Edna, she hung up and sighed.

FROM THE BIBLE

• "Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." Ephesians 4:32.

This is St. Paul's advice to the people of Ephesus.

Edna moved to the scribbles on Gloria's desk, read something—turned. "What was that agent's name?"

"Harry," Gloria said. "Harry Moss."

"Did he tell you about this house?"

"Yes, but it's not for sale. It belongs to some old lady."

"Doctor!" Edna exclaimed. "It's got the boxwood, the right wallpaper . . ."

She had to decipher the rest of the notes, for they were written in the vaguest penmanship.

Edna turned on Gloria. By dint of careful cross-examination it was determined that the rest of the details matched. The house was named Bay View. It had good copper plumbing, and a septic tank. It was in Maryland.

"But it's not for sale," protested Gloria.

Dr. Fenton telephoned Harry Moss.

Mr. Moss was very suave, but Bay View wasn't up for sale. It might be. He'd be happy to inquire. Its owner happened to be in Europe.

"Have you been in this house recently?" the doctor asked.

Mr. Moss frankly hadn't been near the place for years. But he had played there as a boy and knew it well. Its boxwood garden was locally famous, and its wallpaper was original Chinese Chippendale. Did the doctor know that the chandelier had been made in Venice? Its owner was a fancier of harpsichords. The house boasted a secret room and a tunnel underneath the kitchen that was supposed to have been used before the Civil War by runaway slaves.

"Who is its owner?" Dr. Fenton asked.

"An elderly lady. A Miss Ann Donahue."

"Is she related to former Congressman Donahue?" asked Dr. Fenton.

"No. Well, maybe a distant cousin. I couldn't say for sure. Of course we have many other fine old mansions . . ."

"No," Dr. Fenton said. "I think I'll wait for Bay View. I knew it, too, as a boy. But I've forgotten its exact location. Could you tell me how to get there, please?"

Mr. Moss could and did, in precise detail.

He sent Gloria home feeling well paid and self-important.

When she was gone, he asked Edna if she could stay on through the evening and perhaps until late at night to man the telephone.

She said yes.

"I'm expecting a call from a General Atwood. If he comes through, tell the operator that I have authorised you to accept the call for me and that I left a message for the General."

"All right, sir," Edna said, pencil poised, and throwing him a glance.

Somebody had to help. Still, it must remain a riddle. "The real patient is ill in New York," he dictated slowly. "There is a double in his place. The wife is in danger. Do not take the patient home."

"Right."

"And there's one other thing," he said. "A Dr. Willis at Bellevue Hospital may call about a patient . . ." He went on, still trying to make his voice sound matter-of-fact. The man's name was Mulroy. He was a pneumonia case. She was

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to keep a record of the reports, and, just in case, it might be wise to alert Louisa, too.

But these elaborate final instructions proved unnecessary. Just before he left the office, the call came.

"Dr. Fenton? Dr. Willis calling. Doctor, I'm terribly sorry. Your friend Mr. Mulroy died about ten minutes ago."

Mr. Moss had estimated (no doubt optimistically) that the trip by car could be done with rapid driving in four hours. One took the Jersey turnpike, crossed the Delaware Bridge, and continued due south well past a turn-off which would lead him past a country store. He must watch for this country store very carefully, for after

Continuing . . . BLINDFOLD

from page 57

that there was some backing and filling to be done. The entrance to Bay View was heavily wooded, and, to be sure he didn't miss it, he must count the miles from the store.

It was almost two-thirty by the time he reached the Jersey side of the Lincoln Tunnel. Already the brightness was going from this winter day.

The countryside, still blanketed with snow, grew beautiful, more rural, with peaceful fields, barns, trees outlined against the dying sun, but he scarcely noticed it, except for anxiety at the rapid sinking of

that sun. For long miles he brooded over the strange ordeal, the crucifixion of Eric Mallory.

The sun was gone, the sky a sheet of flame as he crossed the Delaware River. By the time he was well into Maryland only a flush of red remained. He was in rural open country now, with stubbled cornfields, widely spaced houses. He stopped for gasoline and, while the car was being serviced, telephoned Edna.

The General had not called him.

Twilight, without a moon, lay on the silent landscape. His eyes ached, and with this pause in the momentum, discouragement, a vast sense of futility overcame him. He went into the men's room and dashed some cold water on his face. As he was coming out he heard, far off in the dusk—yes, the sound of a vast cocktail party, the same sound he had heard at the landing field so long ago.

Through it the sounds of laughter rose and fell. He stood transfixed. There were no lights in that direction.

"What's that sound?" he asked. The attendant was checking the oil stick.

"Wild geese, feeding in one of them fields back yonder. Sounds like about a million of 'em, don't it?"

He chuckled. Feeling an unreasonable exultation, he got back into the car.

Finally leaving the main highway, he cut back across country, following Mr. Moss' directions to the first turn-off. He was now on the road he had travelled those many nights in the station wagon. But not until he crossed the long bridge did it seem familiar. The bridge had a distinctive rattle. It crossed a body of water called Snapper Creek, a sign said. Soon he passed the country store mentioned by Mr. Moss, the store he had passed many times and never seen. Five and a half miles more, and there would be the right-turn opening to Bay View. He checked his speedometer.

Five and a half miles . . . Mr. Moss must have miscalculated or forgotten. For at five and a half miles exactly cypress trees rose up impenetrably, and when he got out of the car to walk his feet sank into a swamp. Water, shining and black, stretched just beyond. Five and a half miles was wrong.

Slowly now, inching forward, making U-turns, and retracing his way back and forth on the desolate road, without even the moon to help, he sought the entrance.

It had to be on the right. The station wagon had always turned right. And through pine woods. Yet pine woods were everywhere. Wouldn't a house of the importance and distinction of Bay View even be marked? If so, of course, they would have removed the sign. At least a good mile past the spot Mr. Moss had indicated he saw an opening, barely wide enough for one car, leading into the silent gloom of a forest. He nosed the car in, and moved forward over a deeply rutted road. The trees closed in around him, and he heard their branches brush the roof of the car.

It seemed a much longer road than he remembered, but he was taking it more slowly than the driver of that station wagon ever had. The high beam of his headlights picked out stumps, the eyes of animals. He was getting close now. Taking a flashlight from the glove compartment, he got out.

Even the smells were familiar, and the softness of the earth. When he came to the small bluff, felt the wet pine needles beneath his feet, and then the

gravel, when he saw the footbridge, there was no longer any doubt.

He could close his eyes (which for a second he did) and know, more by the feel of his feet than the reality, that it was Base X. The reality before his eyes was more confusing. It was different in many aspects from what he had imagined.

He had never known how these woods curved round that offshore island, like the pincers of a crab. Or that a rowboat lay half in water, half on the beach, complete with crab-net and pail. Or that the footbridge crossed a swamp. He had always imagined that it crossed deep water, remembering Stevens' concern.

And the house actually wasn't on an island, but on a spit of land, with swampland intervening. It did face open water. It had a boathouse.

Where were the sentries? There had always been one on duty at the picket gate, and now that he thought about it, it seemed strange they had not seen his headlights approaching.

He crossed the bridge. It had the loose boards he remembered. Still unaccosted, he crossed the lawn, an unmowed, spongy stubble. The

tion to Angela's and Victor's words: "Saturday. They're bringing him home on Saturday." He hurried to the back of the house.

Behind the house there was underbrush, some apple trees. Tramping through them, he caught the odor of charred wood.

Yes, here was the trash pit. Here they'd burned the evidence. Nothing left but ash. But the ash was warm.

He ran back to the footbridge.

If they had left by car, there would be tyre marks. He found only old ruts and the fresh marks of his own tyres.

They had not left by car.

Through the "tunnel" used by runaway slaves? It seemed ridiculous. An old, probably caved-in mess, that after all might just be legendary. This was swampy land. But how else?

The water here was very low. Near the bank he could see the bottom. It did not look as though a boat of any size could land here. But — there was a boathouse.

He had ignored it before. Till tonight he had not even known of its existence. But it was perhaps by boat that they had moved Eric Mallory's diabolical double. He made his way gingerly to the end of the small dock. It seemed rotten. The water here was so shallow

was a Government base of some kind.

Pushing the map aside, he started the car and backed it close to the stand of pine. Through the windshield he could see the lights of the plane. He paused. It was circling, preparing to land perhaps at the very landing field which he and Stevens had used. But as he watched it began climbing again.

He finished turning around and jolted back out through the woods to the highway, where he turned left, heading back to the country store.

Just a few hundred yards down the road he saw a car backing out of one of the entrance lanes that he had tried on his way to Bay View.

"How do?"
"Good evening."

A woman in an apron stood behind the counter. An old man in a red-plaid hunting-cap sat in a rocker next to a wood stove. The store was very warm. It smelled of cheese and sausage. A brace of duck hung from a beam.

"Gas?" the woman asked, wiping her hands on her apron and heading for the door.

"No. No thanks. I wonder if you'd be good enough to tell me—is there a Government base or installation of some kind around here?"

"Yep, Tucker Point," the old

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



house loomed dark and silent behind its aisle of giant boxwood. There was the picket gate. It was a handsome frame house, three-storey, large, of colonial design. He thought about that tunnel and that "secret" room. He opened the gate. Its clatter was familiar. Here was the old brick sidewalk and that pungent smell.

The darkness of the place, of course, was — habitual. No lights would ever show through those boards. But — though the boxwood brushed his sleeves, and the protruding brick was where it should be and the porch echoed with the proper hollowness — he knew that Base X was no more.

He could tell for certain by its windows. All the boards had been removed. Draperies had been hung. He trained his flashlight, peering in at furniture utterly unfamiliar.

Gone was the leather couch which should be near this window. In its place was — a harpsichord. A handsome rug stretched off into deep shadow. He could see tables, lamps, and portraits. No sign of a desk, a gooseneck lamp. He turned the flashlight higher, stooped down and craned his neck for sight of the chandelier. It was there, and the wallpaper looked like the familiar red and gold.

But they had restored the house's interior grandeur so that even Miss Ann Donahue might never know what had happened here.

Stupid to stand here, admiring their efficiency. The fact was — that he had come for nothing.

When had they left? The trash might give an indication, the date on a newspaper perhaps. But on the other hand they couldn't have left before today. Why not? Four days of silence had gone by. Still he clung with despera-

low he could see a tin can at the bottom. And then, as he moved the beam of the flashlight, he saw a piece of colored paper floating close to one of the pilings.

It was a chocolate wrapper, the same sort Stevens had always eaten.

He stopped, fished it out. Its color was still bright, unfaded, and the odor of chocolate still clung to it.

He flashed his light on a piling. The level of the water was now a good two and a half feet below the top of the wet mark on the piling. The tide was way down. At high tide there must have been at least three feet of water at the end of the dock. Plenty of fair-sized launches had less draft than that.

How long had it been since high tide? And where did this creek lead?

Hurrying back to the car, he spread the map on the front seat and trained the flashlight on it.

Snapper Creek was marked in minute lettering. It twisted crookedly to a river, and this river to a larger river, and this in turn to the Chesapeake.

"If they went by boat," he said aloud.

To judge from the size of the lettering, the towns in the immediate area were all very small, no more than villages and hamlets. There was no town that sounded as if it might be a Government reservation.

Above the restless wind in the pines he heard the steady drone of a plane.

"But," he said aloud, "the people around here would know."

They would surely know. They might not know that it was a place where atomic research was carried on, but at least they would know that it

man said. "About ten miles." "Is that the way it's listed in the phone book?" the doctor asked, heading for the telephone booth outside.

"You just look under U.S. Government."

"Thanks," the doctor said.

"Tucker Point."

The switchboard operator's voice was crisp. No trace of the dialect he had just heard in the store.

"Dr. Eric Mallory's residence, please."

She rang and went off the line. Presently she returned and said, "I'm sorry, sir. That line does not answer."

"All right then, operator. May I speak to General Atwood, please?"

"I'll give you Information," she said.

Information said there was no listing for General Atwood. "Then will you let me have the officer of the day, please?"

This is an emergency." Information flashed the operator. "Connect with OD, please."

Another buzz. A woman answered. "Corporal Wildman."

"Officer of the day, please. An emergency call."

"Captain Howe has just stepped out for a moment. Could I help you?"

"Yes." And he was shouting now. "You'll have to. Do you have any way of getting word to General Atwood?"

She hesitated. "I don't believe I know of a General Atwood, sir."

"All right then, damn it," he said wildly. "Please get word to somebody in authority. Dr. Eric Mallory is dead. Do you have that? Dr. Eric Mallory is

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*Registered Trade Mark.

Continuing . . . **BLINDFOLD**

from page 58

dead. A double is taking his place. Mrs. Mallory's life is in danger!"

"Who is this calling, please?" "My name is Fenton. Dr. Richard Fenton. General Atwood knows me well. I was Dr. Mallory's psychiatrist."

"Thank you, Dr. Fenton. I will report your call."

"Oh, hell!" he groaned. "Listen, please. Can you tell me this then? Do you know whether Dr. Mallory or the man supposed to be Dr. Mallory was brought home today?"

"Not to my knowledge, sir. Dr. Mallory was scheduled to arrive today, but there was a delay." And she hung up.

He jammed the receiver down on the hook and went back into the store.

"Find it all right, did you?" the old man asked.

"Yes," he said. "Thanks. I wonder if you could tell me how to get to Tucker Point, please."

"Sure, you can't hardly miss it. You go down about a mile and you come to a little place called Maple and you turn left and follow right on in . . . Had quite a time out there this morning. Fellow committed suicide."

"Is that so?" The doctor turned from the door. "Who was it, do you know?"

"No, but some say he was a doctor of medicine."

"Was his name Throckmorton?" the doctor asked sharply. "I don't rightly know," the old man said. "I never did hear his name called, did you, Helen? But he shot himself clean through the head, according to one of the soldiers stops here for petrol."

For a moment longer the doctor stood there, frowning. Then, thanking them, he closed the door.

He slumped wearily behind the wheel in the deep quiet, unable for a moment to summon the energy to start the car. What lay ahead? Another wild goose chase? It had been a long hard day. Since 4 a.m. he had not let down once. And maybe the entire trip down here was a fiasco.

He had found Base X, had got through to Tucker Point. He had delivered his message to Garcia in the person of a WAC corporal. And it had been received with nonchalance.

The fake Mallory had not been taken home. There was strong reason to believe that Throckmorton had killed himself. What else could it all add up to but that the General knew? That the General had taken the double off somewhere, perhaps to Washington, for detention . . . and that the surveillance networks were combing the East Coast for the real Eric Mallory.

They had access to police tickers.

And Angela? If the General had spared her the news, which it seemed he would do for the time being, then Angela perhaps had gone off for the evening, perhaps to nothing more momentous than a movie . . .

He felt abruptly very old and rather foolish.

He had failed to cure the real Mallory. He had failed to detect the presence of the double. And in New York he had been always one step behind, when, to have hospitalised Mallory sooner might have meant saving his life.

Shakily he lit a cigarette. It was the last one in his pack.

But, damn it, Mallory was dead. And—it was the decent thing to help her all he could. She had a right to know about her husband's final hours.

Well, red tape be damned. He would go to Tucker Point and wait for her. He was here. What would a few more hours matter? He would go there, even though it might mean waiting for her outside a barbed-wire fence.

Returning to the telephone booth, he put through a call to Edna. No one had called. He told her to close up and go home.

Crossing the gravel to his car again, he took out his key-case and fumbled for the ignition key, then froze, listening intently.

A scream had come from the direction of the swamp.

Faint, far off, but from the spot he'd earmarked as Base X. Sound travelled far over water. A scream. It was not a bird. In the wintry silence it came again. A woman's scream. Another. Straight across that creek.

Listening, he recalled the car which he had passed—and the circling plane above the woods. He started the engine with a roar, lurched out into the highway.

He left the car on the main road and made his way down the dark entrance lane on foot. He heard no more screams. There were only the sounds of his own stumbling, his own heavy breathing. Branches slapped against his face, he slipped in mud, tripped over stumps.

Emerging finally from the Stygian aisle, he saw the car parked in the clearing. It was a light-colored car—the same car, he now felt sure, which he had seen a while ago on his way over to the store. Mallory had owned a light blue car.

He approached it cautiously. It was empty. On the front seat lay a violet scarf.

Why? What had possessed her . . . ?

Furtively he slipped down the bluff. Across the swamp the old house loomed as dark and silent as it had been an hour before, but in its very silence there was something ominous.

He hurried across the bridge. And then, crossing the lawn that led to the gate, he saw the plane moored near the end of the dock. Its running lights were turned out. It resembled a huge, ungainly insect, bobbing gently beyond the tumble-down silhouette of the boat-house.

For no reason that he could fathom, he kept thinking of Louisa's birthday party, of the elderly lady in blue lace who was concerned about orphans. And then he saw himself standing before a judge, signing papers that would permit him to adopt young Johnny Mallory, who, in the span of one day's swift events, could by now conceivably be an orphan himself.

They must have come here for that double. The plan must have been that he would be taken home, then he would persuade or force Angela Mallory to drive him back here. Very smart. Since Base X would be deserted by then, and it was only ten miles from Tucker Point. If there was trouble, Angela would be a shield. A hostage for further bargaining. But if the General had not taken the double home, how had they got her?

He sidled through the beechwood, startled to hear the noise its prickly branches made. And then, as he neared the foot of the porch steps, he heard voices.

Indistinguishable. A low, formless hum, but voices unmistakably. They seemed to be coming from the front room, that room where for so many weeks he had talked to Eric Mallory and then to a man who was not Eric Mallory.

He ducked beneath the porch. A smell of damp earth and decaying wood enveloped him. He crawled and squirmed his way over the soft, evil-smelling earth and pressed his ear to the ancient brick foundation. The voices were filtering down through the old floorboards, low, sometimes fading, but he

To page 61

who had had long practice before a canvas screen, began to catch the drift.

A man's voice, vaguely familiar. "Oh, but, Mrs. Mallory, baby, really..." Something that sounded like a chuckle. "You must appreciate that we've invested quite a chunk of time and money in this enterprise."

It was Fitzgerald, or Arbuthnot, whatever his name might be, sounding just as suave, just as smooth as on the day he had entered the doctor's office and posed as Mallory's college roommate.

"So please, please tell us where your husband is, Mrs. Mallory," said the smooth voice.

"I've told you." There. At last. It was Angela. "He is with the General. He was supposed to come home today, but he didn't. I thought he was out here. Dr. Fenton called."

"So they must have faked his voice. Poor kid. But at least he was alive. Her voice was thin, pitched unnaturally high, obviously frightened.

"Your real husband, your real husband," the deep voice mused.

"My real husband?" "Now look, honey lamb—" the smooth one now was burlesquing a Southern accent. "Looks to me like we're gonna have to take you for a little spin in our little old seaplane, you know what I mean?"

Richard Fenton felt a surge of blind hatred, of insane rage. He, who had dedicated his life to eradicating hatred and violence from the nature of human beings, was crawling and quivering his way out from under the porch, bent on murder.

But by the time he had reached the sidewalk the frenzied impulse had abated, giving way to common sense. He was forty-two years old, unarmed, a man who in recent years had taken no more violent exercise than moving from a desk to a consulting couch.

If he had anything to give, it was the ability to think. Not hard bone and muscle.

For a few seconds he crouched there, looking from house to plane to bridge, his mind playing over the possibilities as it might over a series of chess moves.

He ran as rapidly and as silently as possible now, out the gate across the lawn, and across the footbridge. The rowboat he had noticed had not been moved. The pail and the

crab-net were still in it, along with one oar.

He lifted out the pail and approached the pale blue car. Deliberately, his back to Base X, he searched the glove compartment. He found a screwdriver, a pair of pliers, and a road map. The lane beyond was impenetrable; he could see nothing for the surrounding trees. But he must concentrate on what he now must do. It would take time and skill. He could only count on Fitzgerald's garrulosity.

Stuffing the road map in his pocket, he lifted the car hood and with the pliers began to jerk out spark plugs, all of them. These he tossed behind him into the woods. This done, he slid beneath the car.

Lying on his back, he drove the screwdriver hard into the underside of the petrol tank. The petrol began to spurt. Reaching back for the bucket, he slid it under the jet of petrol, forcing himself to wait until it was just short of full.

He let the rest dribble on the pine needles. Carrying the bucket, he went down the bluff. Still no sign of figures crossing the lawn. He began to grope along the beach for driftwood. He pried loose a rock about the size of a potato.

These bits of Maryland he wrapped up in the road map until he had a package ready for mailing. He trusted the package securely with his necktie.

Moving with almost stoic calm, he set the bucket of petrol in the boat and dropped the package carefully beside it. Showing the boat off, wading after it, he stepped cautiously in and picked up the single oar. Now poling, now paddling, trying not to look at the house or even think what could be happening, he gradually shortened the distance between the shoreline and the plane. Dark water gurgled and flowed beneath.

Water also gurgled about his shoes. The damned boat must have a leak. When he moved the bucket swayed precariously. Some of the petrol slopped out. He picked the package up, examined it.

But, thank heaven, this rowboat had one bit of necessary equipment. A rope hung from its bow. The rowboat bumped against a pontoon. Bobbing away, he caught the mooring line. And, having knotted the two ropes, all he had to do was climb from a shifty rowboat to

pontoon, then to cabin door, at the same time guarding the bucket and the package.

It would be plenty cold in that creek. And it was plenty deep out here. There would be no Johannsen to fish him out.

The memory of Mallory's ordeal spurred on his efforts. Carefully, hampered by his overcoat, he placed the bucket up on the pontoon. Then, managing to hold it steady, he dragged himself from bobbing boat to plane, holding the boat to the last second with one ankle.

The cabin door was unlocked.

He worked rapidly, feverishly now. The job was almost pleasurable. He poured the petrol along the floor, over the two bucket seats, leaving an inch of fluid in the bucket.

In another moment he was back again in the boat. He heaved a sigh of satisfaction.

Now it was only a question of casting off the line, manoeuvring the boat into position, saturating the package with the remaining petrol, and lighting a few matches. Not quite. He stood at the bow at last in a direct line with the cabin door, and took careful aim. The paper sizzled, became a flaming torch. He threw it—straight for the cabin door, and said a prayer.

It was a perfect hit. Then he poled like fury.

To his amazement, nothing occurred. When he reached the shelter of the boxwood again, the damned thing was still out there, rocking quietly—dark as pitch. No. To his intense relief, he began to see a lurid glow from inside the cabin. Tongues of flame licked out. In another moment...

An eye for an eye. Fire in return for fire. Fire had been their trump card when they kidnapped Mallory.

One short, very soft explosion. He faced the front door. How many of them were there? How much time would he really have? Another explosion roared behind him. Deafening. He could hear the flames. Acrid smoke and burning gasoline. The door burst open. Three men came running down the sidewalk.

Their curses made him smile.

All of them. Three was all. She was in the dark and musty hallway. Hands tied. Something about her mouth.

Continuing . . . BLINDFOLD

from page 60

"Angela . . ."

He had no flashlight any more. He could only feel her terror. But light from the fire outside began to fill the rooms. He loosened her bonds, he murmured reassurance.

Taking her hand, he dragged her forward down the steps, out through the boxwood. But there was a man now at the picket gate.

There were angry shouts from the front lawn. They could never risk that bridge.

Run back into the house. Try to find that "secret room"? They might never find it.

They must go as Mallory had gone . . . through water, his last resort. But this was creek water, not the ocean. Base X was not an island. That footbridge crossed a swamp. And the woods curved round this swamp like a crab's pincers. If they had to swim a little, well,

of Iron Curtain countries. The movements of all known agents had been under constant surveillance throughout the affair at Base X. The movements of all known agents had been accounted for at all times.

The band of men responsible for the kidnapping of Eric Mallory had not been foreign agents at all, at least not in the usual sense. They were, instead, simply a group of thugs with experience in smuggling and peddling of dope, and newly engaged, beginning with Mallory, in trafficking in human beings who might bring a price.

Eric Mallory was to have been sold to Red China for one million dollars. His job — to chart a pathway past the moon.

"And, of course, another mistake," the General went on, "was something I never dreamed could be a mistake. To think, even to suspect that old Bill Throckmorton . . ."

He paused. "Bill should have married," he said abruptly.

Angela did not stir.

The General started for the door, then turned. "By the way, Doctor, it's about time I asked you a question. It just occurred to me. How did you ever find this place? Did your blindfold slip one night?"

"No, sir." The doctor told of the calls to the real-estate agents.

The General smiled. "Pretty good. Pretty damned good."

He left the room.

Angela still stared into the fire. Muddy, in stained trousers damp with creek water and petrol, the doctor stood beside the harpsichord. "You can be very proud of your husband, Mrs. Mallory," he said at last. "He left his country a tremendous legacy of genius. He jumped into an icy river rather than serve a foreign Power. He jumped, in effect, to his death."

She spoke in a strained, small voice. It was as though she had not been listening to what he had said. "Eric was a very strange man. A very good man . . ." She leaned back. "But not really of this earth." Abruptly she turned, her dark eyes wet. "Who—really killed him?" she asked.

And it was strange that at the same moment the same question had run through his own mind.

Who, or what, had really killed Eric Mallory?

One had to begin with his breakdown. And the breakdown? It could only be assumed, but it was believable enough, that Mallory, doubtless at Wichita Falls to begin with, had been approached and an offer made. When he refused, there had been threats on his life, and on the life of his wife and child. The crack-up had followed.

But one must begin, of course, much farther back than Wichita Falls.

The doctor looked towards the archway, just an arch again, leading into a shadowy dining-room. But in his mind's eye he saw a desk, a microphone, and a huge canvas screen.

They had come so close that night before the fire. And if there had been another night, he thought. If I could have spent just one more decent session with him, perhaps . . . just a few more hours—then the mystery, like a black silk kerchief, might have fallen from the soul of Eric Mallory. . . . come back . . . next time . . . He seemed to hear the voice pleading.

But there had been no next time.

"Who?" she asked again. "I don't know, Mrs. Mallory," the doctor said. "That's something we will probably never answer."

The room was very still. A grey log crumbled apart. Presently the General opened the door. "We just bundled off the prisoners," he said. "Your clothes are dry now, Mrs. Mallory." He was carrying the doctor's shoes.

He set the room to rights while Angela changed upstairs. Finally, with a rueful look, he switched off the crystal chandelier. "This old house didn't exactly bring us luck, did it?"

Clasping the doctor on the shoulder as Angela, pale and composed, came down into the hallway, he told them to go on ahead. "I'll catch up with you. I want to be sure there isn't any danger of . . ."

He didn't finish. Had he been about to say "of fire"?

The old clock-ticking in the hallway began to chime the hour of twelve.

They stepped into the pure, fresh air.

Crossing the lawn, Angela paused. She looked up at the sky and shivered. The doctor followed her gaze. The stars had broken through the haze. The night was crystal clear. The Milky Way was bright. Stars by the millions and trillions . . .

He took her arm and helped her across the bridge.

(Copyright)

Haunting love story is our new serial

NEXT week we will present the first long instalment of a new serial—"THE BLUE SLEEP," by William E. Barrett, author of the best-seller novel "The Left Hand of God."

"The Blue Sleep" is an unusual story in which the author uses his romantic imagination to explore the strange borderline between reality and the supernatural. It is the story of Kirby Quinlan, the rich heir to an aviation company and a clever designer of planes, who finds the ceaseless round of work too much for him.

Unable to sleep, he takes to the theatres and night-clubs and becomes a playboy, which is again detrimental to his work. His sister and his friend Sam Kaplan do all they can to help him, but it is a fight he has to win himself.

Counting the hours away one night, determined not to take any sleeping tablets, he suddenly finds himself in a deep, unbroken world of blue . . . and therein discovers what has been worrying his subconscious mind, and also discovers Anna, who finally helps him to find his right place in the world.

Don't miss the first instalment of this imaginative and tender love story next week.

okay. He took her round the house, keeping to the garden, avoiding the boathouse side. Beyond the apple trees he slid down the soft bank.

Hand in hand. They floundered through the swamp, scrambled up the opposite bank, and raced into the woods.

As they reached his car, three cars came speeding down the highway. Nearing the entrance to Base X they slowed with a screeching of brakes.

"The cavalry," Dr. Fenton muttered.

A brilliant spotlight on the lead car shone full in his face.

"Fenton!" an amazed voice called. "That isn't you?"

"Yes, sir," the doctor said. "It's just old me and Angela Mallory, General Atwood."

"Amazing," said the General. Later the General stood next to her chair and put a hand on her shoulder. "I feel personally responsible for your husband's death, Mrs. Mallory," he said in a low voice.

"I think," said Dr. Fenton, "you'll find the chaos you're looking for back there in the bushes."

Angela Mallory sat in a blue wing-chair, a military topcoat wrapped around her. A fire had been lit in the marble fireplace. Its light played over her long loose hair and her sad pale face. Tears glistened in the beautiful eyes.

Dr. Fenton watched her expression. She sat immobile, eyes upon the fire, tears unheeded. "Please don't feel that way, General," she said. "I don't hold anyone to blame. I

The General waited respectfully, but she did not go on. "Even so, I do feel responsible," the General said finally. "And I feel that I should explain to you where we made our mistake."

The mistake lay in a belief held by the hierarchy of Counter-espionage that the dangerous elements were known agents

"And we very nearly completed the botch," the General said, "by losing you, Mrs. Mallory."

"It would have been my own fault," Angela murmured.

His dogmatism gradually shaken by Dr. Fenton's strong doubt of the cure, the General had finally been shocked into an awareness of the double's existence with the discovery of Throckmorton's suicide that morning. Accompanied by Stevens and a couple of strong-armed agents, he had holed up with the double (an ex-actor who had forsworn the theatre for heroin) in a country hotel near Tucker Point.

From the timetable touched upon by the General, Dr. Fenton figured that the confession finally was obtained at just the same minute that he was setting out in the rowboat with his bucket of petrol. The General had moved swiftly after that. The capture of "Fitzgerald" and his two thugs had been rather ridiculously easy. With the hood up, all three had been bent over the motor of Angela's car, trying to get it started. When they saw the lights approaching they ran, but were caught after a short chase through the woods.

Angela had begun receiving telephone calls at four o'clock today, asking for Mallory. When it became apparent to the conspirators that something had slipped up, they had changed their tune. At nine o'clock a man who said he was Dr. Fenton, and who sounded exactly like him, had told her to come to Bay View and "help with therapy." There had been a "crisis." Her husband needed her.

She had not hesitated. "General . . ." Stevens was at the doorway. "Could we see you a second, please?"

The captive trio was in the kitchen, about to be removed from the premises.

"Excuse me a second, please."

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Offering a choice of two ways to change an aboriginal (11).
- A pint can be unsuitable (5).
- No wag can make a railway truck (5).
- Boat in Venice (7).
- Get in a slight admixture of color (5).
- To hint, sounds like a false statement made by a devil (5).
- French revolutionary who could have lived longer if he had not taken a bath (5).
- He is full of intense dislike, yet he has a heart (5).
- Hurried to a large bag to plunder (7).
- An inert gas forming part of the atmosphere (5).
- Fish-eating, furred, web-footed animal (5).
- Highland dances round a shelf for young birds (11).



Solution of last week's crossword.

DOWN

- Prey not (Anag., 7).
- A London prison with ornamental border for a beard (7, 6).
- Cramped and possibly drunk (5).
- Omar Khayyam wondered if he buys anything half so precious as he sells (7).
- These are birds and not sporting royalties (11).
- Don't confide in them, they often let a body down (11).
- Beard which does not grow on faces (3).
- A coalmine to sink in a trap (7).
- Man leads this Italian novelist, dramatist, and poet of 18th-19th centuries (7).
- Was furious and became old at the end (5).
- Dante kept this insect permanently (3).

Solution will be published next week.

DRIP
DRY
THE
DISHES
TOO!



Trix washes
everything
washable—
wonderfully!
Silks . . woollens
. . . cottons
. . . nylons
. . . Terylene

Trix

You don't peg dishes on the line,
but you do drip-dry them with Trix!
Trix-washed dishes drip-dry brilliantly,
in double-quick time. Dishes washed in suds
have to be wiped to get rid of streaks and smears .
but dishes washed in Trix dry spotless!
Trix saves you washing tea-towels, too!

Trix swallows grease and dirt faster, more thoroughly
than any sudsing preparation . . . even in tepid water.
Every drop of Trix is concentrated cleansing power,
Trix-washed dishes dry gleaming . . . sparkling clean.

TRIX NOW AVAILABLE IN NEW GIANT ECONOMY SIZE BOTTLE 4/11



F7090.—Smart sheath frock has contrasting cuffs and waist trim. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material and 1yd. 54in. contrast. Price 4/9.

Fashion PATTERNS

Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 1060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 64-D, Hobart. New Zealand orders to Box 5348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F7049.—Simple frock has three-quarter sleeves, Peter Pan collar, and box-pleated skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price 4/9.

F7090

F7049

F7036

F7040

F7073

F7088.—Pretty dress has contrasting collar, optional short or three-quarter sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Style A (three-quarter-length sleeves) requires 3yds. 54in. material; style B (short sleeves) takes 4yds. 36in. material. Both styles take 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/9.

F7073.—Attractive topcoat for eight to 14-year-olds has double row of buttons, medium collar. Requires 2½ to 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/-.

F7040.—Charming slim-line frock has matching jacket with astrakhan collar. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material, 1yd. 54in. contrast, 1yd. 36in. astrakhan, and 1½yds. lining. Price 5/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 418.—LUNCHEON SET
Dainty luncheon set is available cut out and clearly traced to embroider on good-quality cream and white Irish linen. Centre mat is priced at 3/9, plus 6d. postage; place-mats are 3/3 each, 6d. postage; the cup-and-saucer mats 1/3 each, with 6d. postage.

No. 419.—LUNCHEON CLOTH
Useful luncheon cloth is available cut out and clearly traced to embroider on cream and white Irish linen. Motif is a bird-and-flower design. Cloth measures 36in. x 36in. Price is 17/9, postage 2/6 extra.

No. 420.—TEA-TOWELS
Handy tea-towels, measuring 22in. x 22in. and available cut out in multi-colored, striped linen tea-towelings, may be purchased in sets of three or individually. Price is 7/3, plus 8d. postage, or set of three 21/1. Postage 1/6.

• Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

418

420

419

F7036.—Sophisticated frock has slim skirt, draped neck effect. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/9.

AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning February 13

ARIES The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Lucky color for love, black.
★ Gambling colors, black, red.
★ Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.
★ Luck in co-ordination.

★ With many new activities on the programme you'll need a schedule to keep track of events. Try to carry over to other interests what you learn in one connection. This will save time and inspire you to extend your range of experience to new fields. Since you must move on when an issue is settled, leave it alone. You can't afford to waste a minute.

TAURUS The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Lucky color for love, navy.
★ Gambling colors, navy, green.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.
★ Luck in opportunity.

★ You may be given a chance, yet be regarded as on trial. The ground beneath your feet may not be firm; the gate of opportunity is open, but the rest will be up to you. Practical results will be expected. Cutting corners or promising more than you can perform will tarnish good first impressions. Alibi will not be acceptable.

GEMINI The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Lucky color for love, pastels.
★ Gambling colors, black, red.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
★ Luck in study.

★ Some of you are back at school to continue your education. Others plan part-time courses to improve their qualifications, while still others are eager to learn more about a subject that interests them. Whether your goal be mathematics or millinery, resolve to keep up with your class. If you can, find a fellow student with whom you discuss the work.

CANCER The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Lucky color for love, brown.
★ Gambling colors, brown, cream.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday.
★ Luck in a windfall.

★ You may have invested in an article a long time ago, then discarded it. Now you discover a use for it. A mild speculation this week might win you a small prize in a raffle. An older person, probably a relative, is likely to present you with a white elephant; a brainwave could turn it into an asset. Don't look a gift horse in the mouth this week.

LEO The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Lucky color for love, rose.
★ Gambling colors, rose, gold.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.
★ Luck through the opposite sex.

★ Man-in-your-life offers a brilliant suggestion which greatly pleases you. If a young married, a new project arouses your enthusiasm. If engaged, there could be a party in your honor. Otherwise you attend an affair in the evening which brings you new friends of the opposite sex. If concerned with business you may be helped by a younger man.

VIRGO The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Lucky color for love, orange.
★ Gambling colors, orange, brown.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.
★ Luck on the job.

★ If you wear a uniform, there's good news in the office. If you are a homemaker you start and finish quickly an undertaking on the domestic front, completing ordinary tasks in favor of your big scheme. Should you be a voluntary worker you could be called on in haste to take charge of a special job. Whatever form it takes you'll be busy, efficient.

LIBRA The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Lucky color for love, yellow.
★ Gambling colors, yellow, grey.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.
★ Luck in a bold approach.

★ Whether you are seeking love, chasing a job, hunting a bargain, half-measures will not succeed. Nothing ventured, nothing gained, so tackle bravely any project on which you've set your heart. If concerned with sport, put all you've got into it to win a victory. If you've fallen in love, create occasions on which you meet him, and don't forget to be glamorous.

SCORPIO The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Lucky color for love, violet.
★ Gambling colors, violet, green.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.
★ Luck through an elder.

★ An older person is likely to do you a favor. This can run all the way from baby-sitting so you can attend a party to finding a job for a youngster who has just left school. In some instances the loan of a sum of money from a close relative might enable you to carry out a desirable enterprise. One in authority gives you the chance to achieve a wish.

SAGITTARIUS The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Lucky color for love, red.
★ Gambling colors, red, white.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.
★ Luck in a conversation.

★ Get out and be where you could hear of something to your advantage. Be a good listener, prepared to benefit from information, advice, suggestions, but regard them as a starting point from which to develop what suits your own needs. Any talk which stimulates your mind can be profitable, helping you to make sound, intelligent decisions.

CAPRICORN The Goat

DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Lucky color for love, green.
★ Gambling colors, green, grey.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
★ Luck in practical affairs.

★ Required to get down to brass tacks, discover original ways and means to accomplish your objective, you'll be on your mettle. It's fun having your cake and eating it, too, but that may involve plenty of hard work and personal effort. Your programme could mean several changes in your surroundings, but you'll be happy over results.

AQUARIUS The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Lucky color for love, lt. blue.
★ Gambling colors, lt. blue, mauve.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Thursday.
★ Luck in a new chapter.

★ With the sun about to leave your sign for 12 months, make sure that your life is organized along lines which appeal to you, for conditions may remain static after this week. Decisions regarding your career and personal relations should be made now. Some of you are facing an important period culminating about the time of your next birthday.

PISCES The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Lucky color for love, white.
★ Gambling colors, white, rose.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday.
★ Luck in granting a request.

★ Your generosity could be called upon at an inconvenient moment. You might be asked to do a favor which requires time, patience, neglect of your own affairs. Whether this means working overtime, running errands for the sick, going on a delicate mission of reconciliation between two friends, you'll earn appreciation, thanks for your effort.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY



*Munch them with
cheese,
Crunch them with
ham,
Spread them with
honey,
Or serve them with
jam.*



*Often buttered
never bettered -*



Only

Arnott's make
CRISP SAO Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality